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THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

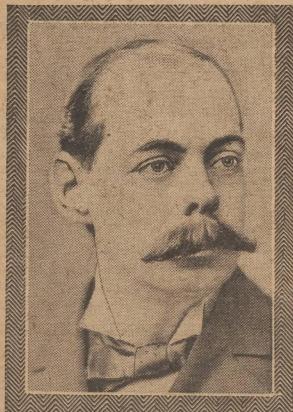
SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN—UNIQUE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



As the stroke of twelve from St. Paul's announced the advent of the New Year, the photograph reproduced was taken by a *Daily Mirror* camera artist. It shows the whole space in front of the Cathedral, and is remarkable because a flashlight photograph of so large an area had been considered impossible to

obtain, and this is, in fact, the first successful result of the kind ever achieved. A quarter of a pound of flashlight powder was used. The white smears on the photograph were caused by some ignited particles of the powder being blown across the front of the camera.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WRITES A FINE BIOGRAPHY OF HIS FAMOUS FATHER.



Mr. Winston Churchill, to whose prodigious activities there seems to be no end, has just published a biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Our portraits, in order from left to right, show Lord Randolph

Churchill (1) before he grew a beard and (2) after; (3) Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West; and (4) Mr. Winston Churchill, her son, and author of the biography.—(Russell and Sons; Elliott and Fry.)



Think This Over—

That's All.

• • •

YOU would be perfectly astonished if you were made aware of the many thousands of pounds absolutely thrown away from year to year upon so-called curatives that are foisted upon a public only too willing to believe the specious arguments laid before them.

The replenishing of the system from the wasting of tissues which is going on every day can only be accomplished by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine. It can, however, be accomplished with a perfect, flesh-forming, palatable, and agreeable Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is such a Food Beverage, possessing, as it does, wonderful nourishing, strengthening, and stimulative powers, unsurpassed by any Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not a medicine. It does simply what it is claimed to do, and its strengthening powers are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.



Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers and Stores, or from 60, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. Daity sample free. A postcard will do.

BIRTHS.

BUCHANAN.—On the 30th ult., at 62, Woodlark-rise, Highgate, N., the wife of John Henry Buchanan, of a daughter.

THOMAS.—On the 29th ult., at 2, Upwood-road, Lee, the wife of W. Patterson Thomas, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

JAMISON.—On the 30th ult., at the City Temple, by the Rev. H. J. Campbell, M.A., and Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, M.A., Reginald P. Cork to Ida Kathleen, daughter of Fredrick Jamison, Esq.

JACOB PRENDERGAST.—On the 30th ult., by special licence, Samuel Jacob to Katherine A. Prendergast, daughter of the late Captain Henry Johnson McCullock.

DEATHS.

BAILLIE.—On the 28th ult., at Burwash, Caroline Mary Baillie, daughter of the late William Montagu and Lady Anne Baillie.

BRADBURY.—On the 29th ult., at his residence, 23, Westbourne-road, Shefield, Thomas Bradbury, in his 66th year.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

WELL-Furnished, clean Sitting and Bedroom to let on Welsh Coast; for gentleman or lady; prettily situated; good view of castle and surroundings from rooms.—Apply C. E. Woodlands, Conway.

HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

5,000 Pair Wheels to Stock for Carriage, Yacht Trans., Carts, etc.; very fine line for truck work; list from Tyre Works, 81, New Kent-rd, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

BREAKFAST DELICACIES.—George Young & Sons, Ltd., Teignmouth, Devonshire, offer (trial price 40/- per side of fat) dried and salted breakfast bacon, 7d. lb.; 14lb. box choice Dorset salted butter, 1s. 1d. lb.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

FOR SALE, an Empire de Luxe bicycle saddle (gentleman's); made in leather and silk. Price £1,000, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st, E.C.

3/3

BEAUTIFUL HIGH-CLASS MINIATURES

2/11



A Charming Coloured Photograph of yourself or friend Framed in Rolled Gold

BROOCH PENDANT
3/3 (Postage 2d. extra)
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No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike representation of yourself as one of these brilliant little portraits finished in colours. Double Pendant, that is photo on both sides. 1/- extra. Send Photo with colour of Hair, Eyes, and Complexion, to



MINIATURE CO., Dept. A., 130, YORK RD., LONDON, N.

A POPULAR AUTHORESS



Makes a Strong Claim—

A very wide circle of readers and admirers of the popular authoress of "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe," and the equally well known series of strong, stirring detective tales "Secrets of a Private Enquiry Office," will be interested to learn that this clever writer claims to have entirely abolished fatigue. Tired Brain, Tired Body, or Tired Nerves, Mrs. Corbett says, have no longer any terrors for her, and although such a prolific writer, she never suffers now from the nervous exhaustion which formerly resulted from her excessive and prolonged brainwork. That so highly trained and acute an observer should, from actual experience, attribute her new-born and tireless energy, and freedom from depression, solely to the famous Nerve Tonic, Phosferine, is a fact of the most significant importance. Indeed, Mrs. Corbett says that Phosferine possesses far and away, beyond any other preparation, really phenomenal Nerve Restoring and Vitalising properties.

And Proves it Sound.

Mrs. George Corbett, "Ravenscroft," Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W., writes:—"I should like to let you know how highly I appreciate the wonderful recuperative powers of your Phosferine. It is simply invaluable for the nervous headaches which often result from excessive and prolonged brain-work, and I strongly recommend its use in cases of depression and exhaustion. No other remedy with which I am acquainted has such restorative and vitalising properties as Phosferine, and I make a point of always having a supply in the house."—September 20, 1905.

The Royal Example.

Phosferine is used by the Royal Families of Europe which, in plain language, means that every user of Phosferine knows and feels that the Tonic is commended by the greatest living Physicians

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR Lassitude, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Backache, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Influenza, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings

To the Royal Family, H.M. the Empress of Russia, H.M. the King of Greece, H.M. the Queen of Roumania, H.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia. And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Bottles, 1/2, 2/9 and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/2 size.

MELLIN'S FOOD

PREPARED AS DIRECTED IS EXACTLY LIKE BREAST MILK.



JO ASTHMA SUFFERERS
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and Whooping Cough. Use of Power ASTHMA CURE, in 1/- Tin. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

'HOME RULE AND LITTLE ENGLAND.'

Mr. Chamberlain's Indictment of the Government.

THE FISCAL POLICY.

"The Cries of the People Will Force a Solution."

Mr. Chamberlain's election address was issued last night. It is a striking document.

"The country will suffer," he asserts, "if it is not prepared to deal with the question of preferential treatment at once; but the cries of the people and the miseries of the poor will ultimately force the only solution."

"I have sought in domestic policy," he says, "to secure the greatest happiness amongst the greatest number, at the same time endeavouring to uphold the greatness of our common country and the unity of the Imperial commonwealth."

"The new Government is essentially a Home Rule and Little Englander Government. It seeks by tortuous ways to compass the disruption of the United Kingdom, but dare not openly place Home Rule on its programme."

"It must, however, exist if at all by the support of Irish votes and by the help of those who have openly avowed that separation is their ultimate object. In its professed anxiety for peace it will not face the sacrifices necessary to maintain peace and to enable us, in face of the ever-growing armaments of other countries, to defend ourselves and our Empire against unprovoked attack."

THREATENED WITH TERRORISM

"Its members have shown profound indifference to the wishes of our Colonial kinsmen for closer commercial union, and have deliberately made a party question of a great Imperial policy."

"You are threatened," Mr. Chamberlain goes on, "once more with the spectre of terrorism which were devised to place our loyal fellow-subjects in Ireland at the mercy of the enemies of this country. Whether in opposition or in office, I will spare no efforts to defeat this conspiracy of violence and treason."

The Unionist Party was prepared to join issue on these questions, and he rejoiced at the opportunity of obtaining the verdict of the nation.

His system of a general tariff would necessarily provide for the free admission of raw materials. Their policy would not be protective, but defensive, and was not inconsistent with the true spirit of free trade.

That policy was constructive and practical, but the policy of their opponents was destructive and theoretical.

MR. BALFOUR'S LIVELY MEETING.

Amid a running fire of interruptions, mingled with shouts of "Pigtail!" and bursts of ironical laughter, Mr. Balfour, the ex-Premier, addressed a crowded meeting at Leamington last night on behalf of Mr. Lyttelton, the late Colonial Secretary.

The statement that if the Chinese had not been imported into South Africa there would have been work for the British unemployed was a lie, warmly declared Mr. Balfour.

Men went to South Africa of their own free will and returned free of expense to their own homes.

"To call that slavery," said Mr. Balfour, "is not to talk morals, but to talk nonsense."

Asked by an elector what his fiscal policy was, Mr. Balfour replied that he did not belong to the party which could hear our Colonies expressing their desires for closer commercial union with the Mother-country and yet closed their eyes and ears, and muttered shibboleths about what was erroneously called "free trade."

MR. LONG'S AMAZEMENT.

Mr. Walter Long, speaking at Bristol last night, said it was with profound regret and amazement he had read the Duke of Devonshire's letter, because the Duke had thrown the cloak of his great influence and authority over a party which, under the guise of free trade, was really fighting the battle of Home Rule.

THE GREATEST QUESTION.

Sir H. Fowler, speaking at Wednesfield last night, said there was a determined tactical attempt on the part of the late Government to evade discussion of their legislation and administration of the past ten years. The real question at issue, however, was free trade, the greatest question which had been put before the country during the last half-century, and his Majesty's late Ministers were not going to be allowed to escape from it.

THE LAST CABINET.

The Cabinet will meet to-morrow probably for the last time before the general election.

FURIOUS GALES.

Many Lives Lost at Sea—Ice on the Channel Steamers' Decks.

WEATHER CONTRASTS.

With the opening of the new year a tale of havoc comes from all round the coasts, the fierce south-eastern and easterly gales raging with unabated fury.

The most distressing story is that of the loss of the Catherine Rennie, of Chester, at Donaghadee, the crew of five being drowned, in spite of the gallant efforts by a lifeboat crew and coastguardsmen to save them.

When first the vessel was discovered by the Ballywalley lifeboatmen, it was impossible to launch the boat. Horses were, however, obtained, and a wild race along the shore road took place in search of a spot where the boat could be launched.

The vessel, meanwhile, drove on the rocks at Millisle, where the rocket men were in readiness. A line was at once sent to the doomed vessel, but the men on board failed to secure the ropes properly, and the endless line, carrying the breeches buoy, could not consequently be sent aboard. Whether the men were too benumbed or too excited to follow the directions on the tallyboard is not known, for none lived to tell.

Three bodies have been washed ashore.

RESCUED BY FISHING SMACK.

The White Star liner Bovic from Liverpool put into Queenstown last evening to land the Liverpool pilot, who could not leave the liner in the Mersey owing to the gale. The Bovic experienced terrific weather in the Irish Channel.

Fierce winds swept the Channel, causing the voyages of Continental steamers to be very protracted. The cold was so intense that the steamers' decks were encrusted with ice.

After being adrift for twelve hours in a small boat in the Bristol Channel, George Anderson, of Maidstone, Newport, was yesterday rescued by a fishing smack, when his boat was half-full of water and he was in an exhausted condition.

SKATING BEGINS ON THE FENS.

The temperature yesterday morning at Nice and at Bodo, in Scandinavia, far above the Arctic Circle, was exactly the same—37deg.

The air temperature over London was 31deg., just 1deg. colder than a year ago at the same hour. Excepting Oxford, which had the distinction of being the most frigid place in Great Britain, there was no place in the island colder than London.

A Hornsey man died from the cold a few yards from his home, many suffering from exposure were taken to the hospitals, and a number of tramway and omnibus drivers were incapacitated.

By way of contrast, at Valencia, on the west coast of Spain, it was like summer, the thermometer registering 52 at eight o'clock yesterday morning.

Skating began in the Fens yesterday, and hopes are entertained that the race for the King's Cup may take place at the end of the week.

Ice has formed on ponds as far south as Kent, and skaters are hopeful, although at the Meteorological Office wind and rain or sleet are prophesied. Hunting has been stopped in Lincolnshire.

TURBINE LINER HELD UP.

The new turbine liner Carmania was forced to wait outside Queenstown Harbour for twenty-four hours by the fury of the gale.

One saloon passenger told the *Daily Mirror* at Queenstown yesterday how those on board had fared. "When Sunday morning dawned," he said, "I shaved with as much ease as if I were at home. The breakfast bell brought practically all the saloon passengers to the tables, and we then learned that the Carmania was off Queenstown Harbour, but would not enter until the storm abated. We were quite reconciled and quite confident that all was well."

Passengers resorted to letter-writing or watching the sea in its mad fury. Singing was not restricted, and the day passed quite pleasantly.

The most impressive moment was on the stroke of midnight, when all greeted the new year with appropriate song and speech."

The Carmania sailed from Queenstown for New York at 10.30 yesterday morning.

ARCHDUKE INJURED WHILE SKATING.

VIENNA, Monday.—The Archduke Charles Francis, eldest son of the Archduke Otto, a nephew of the Emperor, while skating at the Wiener Skating Club this afternoon collided with some other skaters and fell on the ice, breaking his right leg below the knee.—Reuter.

DEATH OF A COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

Sir Hugh Nelson, Lieutenant-Governor of Queensland, died at Brisbane yesterday, at the age of seventy. He visited London at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, and was created a member of the Privy Council.

WORLD'S NEW YEAR.

In All Countries Time-Honoured Ceremonies Mark the Birth of 1906.

New Year, which is more generally observed abroad than Christmas, was celebrated with great ceremony yesterday in all the countries of Europe and in the United States.

In Japan, where the New Year used to carry with it a week's revel, now reduced to one day, it was observed in the time-honoured fashion. Even old men and women played at battledore and shuttlecock, and the whole of the Mikado's subjects gave themselves up to the delights of visiting, eating sticky rice-cakes called Mochi, and drinking sake. In celebrating the New Year they also celebrated the fall of Port Arthur, which took place a year ago.

At the White House President Roosevelt shook hands with thousands of people. The President especially ordered lively music, and kept the line of his guests briskly moving at its quick tempo. The reception took two hours and a half.

There was a touch of the *Yankee* about the reception given by President Loubet, for it will be his last, and the duc de Paristian Ambassadors, Count Tommelli (Italy), paid a high tribute to the President's services to his country and the world.

Characteristically enough, the Kaiser's reception was followed by a great military display.

At home the day passed quietly, but one of the most remarkable incidents is reported from Glasgow.

By order of the magistrates, not a single public-house or licensed restaurant was opened there and the suburbs yesterday. There was a great rush to the theatres, where the bars remained open. The temperance party opened special tea-rooms in the poorer localities.

RUSSIA'S CAPITAL SAFE.

Reassuring Proclamation Meets Threat of Armed Insurrection.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The following official communiqué has been issued:

"The different revolutionary societies have issued in their Press organs a manifesto stating that, in view of the failure of the risings organised by them, they have decided to suspend their action in order to raise a general insurrection at the beginning of the new year. As such rash declarations are calculated to alarm the ill-informed or timid portion of the population, the Government, for its part, declares its decision to repress rigorously any preparation for a rising, and, in the event of an insurrection taking place, to crush it by all means in its power."

"The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, in which city bands of insurgents are likely to take refuge after their defeat in Moscow, are exhorted to entertain no fears of an outbreak in the capital, as no explosion can take place there."—Reuter.

WAR OFFICE ARRESTS.

Another Officer Placed in Custody Pending the War Stores Investigations.

The War Office authorities are taking more active steps to inaugurate proceedings in connection with the War Stores scandal.

The *Daily Mirror* Aldershot correspondent telegraphed yesterday:—"Upon instructions received from the War Office, Sergeant-Major Bevan, Army Service Corps, chief clerk to the Director of Supplies and Transport, Aldershot Army Corps, has been placed under close military arrest, pending the investigations of the Commission."

"Orders have also been issued for a district court martial at Chelsea Barracks on Wednesday next for the trial of Staff-Sergt.-Major A. M. Hilton, 11th Company Army Service Corps."

THE PRINCE HONOURS THE AGRA KHAN.

CALCUTTA, Monday.—The Prince of Wales attended a parade of troops at half-past eight this morning, held in honour of the anniversary of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. The Princess attended a purdah party at Belvedere, and their Royal Highnesses took tea with the Aga Khan.—Reuter.

MOHAMMEDANS PETITION THE KING.

COLOMBO, Monday.—Yesterday, at a mass meeting of Ceylon Mohammedans, attended by over thirty thousand persons, it was resolved to memorise King Edward, praying him to withdraw the order of the local Supreme Court disallowing Mohammedan advocates to plead with the head covered.—Reuter.

HONOURED NAME IN GERMANY.

Lieutenant-General von Moltke has been appointed Chief of the General Staff of the German army.—Reuter.

FRANCE AND THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

Parisians Play a Gallant Game Against the Visitors.

EXCITED SPECTATORS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday Night.—The New Zealanders beat All France to-day by four goals and six tries to a goal and a try—38 points to 8.

Englishmen who came to Paris expecting to see a burlesque of the game were speedily undeceived. The Frenchmen fought with all the dash and gallantry that has distinguished their ancestors on many a stricken field, and they showed, too, a thorough knowledge of the game.

"Le football" is, indeed, a favourite game with all Frenchmen who have once experienced its fierce delights. It suits the temperament of the race. The rush and hurry and excitement of it all appeal strongly to the Frenchmen. "Le cricket" on the other hand, can seldom grasp. It appears to the average Frenchman as a solemn ritual rather than a game. It may be magnificent, this contest between "les batters" and "les bowlers," but it is not war.

PLAYED IN SLEETING RAIN.

But football is magnificent, and it is war; and that makes all the difference.

Much is said of the degeneration of the French, but men of finer and clearer physique one could not wish to see than these splendid young fellows who faced a dismal, sleetng rain on the bleak ground of the Parc des Princes, outside the fortifications. The ground was frozen below, muddy above, and the weather was so unpleasant that "tout Paris" had made up its mind to stay indoors for the New Year. Only about six thousand spectators turned up to see their compatriots' gallant battle with the New Zealanders.

The colours of the two sides made a splendid contrast. The New Zealanders, of course, wore their famous black uniforms; while the French were in white with a thin circle of blue and red over the heart, and wore vermilion stockings.

The game was full of fierce excitement. From the start one figure stood out in the French side. It was that of Crichton, the full-back, a Scottish player, whose auburn locks, like the helmet of Henry of Navarre, was ever in the thick of the fray. It was six minutes before the New Zealanders, with all their persistence, could score.

France rallied with a spirit worthy of Fontenoy or Marengo. Cessieux, the biggest man on the field, burst his way through four of the New Zealanders and scored.

WELL PLAYED, FRANCE!"

Up went a great shout. "Le Bravé! Cessieux! Cessieux! Un essai, un essai!" Beautifully-dressed Parisiennes waved their umbrellas and added their pretty voices to the tumult. Dignified and substantial-looking Frenchmen were looking more excited than if they had won £50,000 in a lottery or in the Kaffir market.

True, as half-time New Zealand was leading by 18 points to 3. But what of that? France knew their record by heart, and was well content with her one try against the redoubtable and all but unbeaten invaders.

The delight was increased in the second half by a goal. "Figure to yourself, my friend, a goal and a try," was passed from mouth to mouth. There might have been earthquakes and floods in place of mere cold and sleet and the French would have been quite happy.

Nobody admired the French team more than their antagonists. "Well played, France!" they shouted after the greatest match ever played this side of the Channel was over. And the Frenchmen cheered in return without a suspicion of chagrin.

Particulars of the play appear on page 14.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

President Loubet last night received the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Westminster at the Elysée.

The Vatican, for the first time, was not represented at President Loubet's New Year reception yesterday.

Colonel Birdwood, of the Indian Army, has, according to an Aldershot message, been appointed Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener.

A Reuter message from Teheran yesterday announces the departure of Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, with camels, for India, whence he will go to Tibet.

The "Petit Parisien" yesterday published a telegram from Tangier, according to which the Sultan intends to appoint four supplementary delegates to the Algeciras Conference.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Strong and gusty south-easterly winds; dull, unsettled, and cold; sleet or snow at intervals.

Lightning-up time, 8 p.m.

Sea passages will be very rough generally.

REJECTION OF ALIENS BEGUN.

How Immigration Officers Tested
Chinamen at Gravesend.

LENIENCY TO REFUGEES.

With the first day of the enforcement of the "Aliens" Act began the rejection of "undesirables."

The immigration officers allotted to the thirteen ports, with special "sorting-houses," were kept very busy, and the *Daily Mirror* special correspondent at Gravesend gives an interesting account of how the Act was put into operation.

The first vessel to be examined by the Gravesend authorities was the ss. *Silvia* from Hamburg, and she brought forty-two Russians and thirty-two Chinamen who desired to enter London.

The whole seafarman had been agog for the arrival of the first vessel to come under the new Act, and long before the *Silvia* anchored the doctor's launch, like a small and exceedingly busy bee, had shot out with doctor and immigration officer aboard and fastened against the black sides of the steamship.

On board the vessel the passengers awaited their ordeal stolidly enough. They gazed placidly over the rails, with sheep-like innocence upon their faces.

Dr. Hancock briskly greeted the captain and surveyed the strange crowd around him. The blinking, smiling Orientals submitted in their child-like way to be thrust into line and bundled down below one at a time.

Passing the Doctor.

It was a brief but thorough examination. The doctor took each man, turned him by his blue sleeve to the light, and with quick, clever finger lifted one of the eyelids. Then came a tapping of the chest and the handling of a stethoscope. Beyond this there was a further slight examination, and with a little push John Chinaman, grinning with infantile pleasure, was forwarded to the immigration officer for the inspection of his purse and a catechism as to his business.

All was well financially, for these men had just been paid off at Kiel, and possessed from £5 to £6 each, whilst they had no intention of remaining in London at the Asiatics' Home a minute longer than was necessary for them to get another ship back to Hong Kong.

All went well until it came to the turn of Chu Si Fu, a plump, pink-and-yellow faced young man of some thirty summers. Dr. Hancock examined him briefly, whispered a word to a gentleman at his side, and Chu was pushed, still smiling, aside from his companions. It was a "reject," and must not enter London.

Sullen Submission.

Then followed the women and children. The medical survey discovered nothing wrong, and they were passed on to the various government sitting at the table with the list of names before him. They frowned at him, sulked, and reluctantly drew from purses and gay handkerchiefs tied in knots from their boots, their stockings, and weird under-pockets. Their wealth averaged some \$8 or 9s. apiece, and one sallow-faced girl struggled her shoulders and held out empty, upturned palms. But they all cherished letters from sisters, brothers, husbands, or friends, and so triumphantly they emerged, "English citizens" upon the decks.

All with the exception of Chu, and he was "passed" later in the evening, were free to proceed; but the tide had turned, and there was no possibility of reaching London for about eight hours. At a low estimate it was a loss of at least £50 to the owners, and captain, pilot, and crew all heartily cursed the Aliens Act.

Another Cargo of Aliens.

Before the immigration authorities had more than commenced their work on the *Silvia*, the Sperber, from Bremen, hove in sight, and the Customs launch sped off to her with another doctor and immigration officer aboard. She carried 108 aliens, and it was after eight o'clock at night before the first inspection had been made. During this examination twenty dubious cases were found and set aside for re-examination, which was prolonged till a very late hour.

Gravesend was by far the busiest of the immigration ports. At Grimsby, however, forty-four aliens, most of them Russian refugees, arrived, and of these seven were definitely rejected.

The question of deporting criminal aliens already in this country was referred in three London police courts yesterday.

VIGILANT MAGISTRATES.

In the case of a prisoner, evidently of foreign origin, charged at Worship-street with theft, the magistrate said it might be worth while to inquire as to his past record, to say whether it would not be right to suggest to the Home Secretary the advisability of an order of expulsion.

A large number of Christmas presents are lying at the G.P.O. depot at Mount Pleasant. They are there because they are insufficiently addressed.

LONDON SCHOOLBOYS.

Sometimes Brilliant, but Under the Average Weight and Height.

The Board-school boy in the poorer districts of London is often clever, and sometimes brilliant; rarely well clad, and not too often cleanly; under the average weight for his age, but of average height.

These, and other particulars of equal interest, are disclosed in a report made by Dr. Kerr, who was medical officer to the late School Board for London, which is published in the report of the Education Committee of the London County Council.

Dr. Kerr based his conclusions on a thorough examination of all the boys in a school in one of the poorer suburbs.

The 405 boys who attended the school were all carefully examined, with the following results.

Five per cent. were very dull and backward, 17 per cent. below the average, 43 per cent. of average intelligence, 24 per cent. above the average, and 10 per cent. brilliant.

Eleven per cent. were very dirty, 38 per cent. dirty, 42 per cent. passably clean, 12 per cent. clean for boys, and none of unexceptionable cleanliness.

The clothing of 7.4 per cent. was of the scantiest description, without underclothing or boots; 35 per cent. more were insufficiently clad, 46 per cent. were properly clad, and 12 per cent. well and sufficiently clad.

The clothing was an index to the physical condition of the lads. Those worst clad showed a lamentable lack of weight, although in stature the difference was not so discernible.

One of the most significant paragraphs in the report shows that the sons of poor widows were clad and nurtured above the average of their class.

"In many cases," reports Dr. Kerr, "it must be observed that the father is a parasitic member of the family, accounting for more than he brings in, and taking the food out of the children's mouths.

SHIPPING FREIGHTS DEADLOCK.

Conference Informs Sir Donald Currie That the Points at Issue Are Serious.

"I am directed to point out to you that the Shipping Freight Conference is unable to agree with the statement of the differences upon which negotiations were broken off."

In this sentence, in a long letter to Sir Donald Currie, the South African Freight Conference intimates that there is not, after all, any chance of an agreement on this urgent trade question, for the present.

The letter recapitulates the disputed points, and repudiates Sir Donald Currie's suggestion that the differences between the shipowners and the Conference are small.

When the views of the Imperial Government have been obtained the Conference is to reassemble in South Africa.

LONDON'S HIDDEN DANGERS.

Draining of an Underground Lake in Southwark Causes Great Uneasiness.

Efforts to exhaust the subterranean lake, discovered near St. George's-circus, Borough, are causing occupiers of houses in the vicinity great uneasiness. No one seems to know how far the lake extends, and the denudation of the water will, it is feared, cause the ground to shrink and subside.

For about three weeks pumping has proceeded incessantly, but without producing any visible impression.

It is believed that the lake has been formed by a stream flowing through a light gravelly stratum from a higher level. It is probably connected with the inflowing water which recently hindered the work on the depot for the Baker-street and Waterloo Railway close by.

LAW COURTS ECHO OF FAR EAST WAR.

Lloyd's underwriters have resolved to resist payment in the case of the steamers Australia and *Montara*, captured by the Japanese, and valued at £100,000 each.

The underwriters contend that the vessels were in the employ of the Russian authorities, and had Russian officers on board. An interesting legal action will be the result, the owners of the vessels claiming insurance.

REBUKED VICAR'S PERSISTENCE.

Despite the recent rebuke administered by the Bishop of St. Albans, the rector of Little Canfield, Essex, refused to officiate at the funeral yesterday of a non-conformist.

He procured the services of a neighbouring clergyman. Great indignation prevailed, but the burial passed off quietly.

CHATSWORTH VISIT.

Picturesque Scenes on the Arrival of Their Majesties.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

Picturesque scenes of welcome took place when the King and Queen reached Chatsworth, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire, yesterday.

Their Majesties, who were accompanied by Princess Victoria, arrived by special train at Rowsley, the station three miles from Chatsworth, at five o'clock, and were received by the Duke and the cheers of the onlookers. The booking hall was beautifully upholstered, and electric and acetylene lights shone brightly from amongst the foliage.

Darkness had fallen when the party, travelling in motor-cars, set out on the road, exhilarating drive in the frosty air, but when the great park was seen the sky was seen to be lit up.

Three hundred torch-bearers—Edensor schoolboys, the Bakewell Boys' Brigade, the Chatsworth fire brigade, and estate workmen—with a great crowd of spectators, were waiting at the park entrance. While the cheers which greeted the arrival of the party were still ringing, they formed in procession and set out to escort the cars down the spangled avenue to the great house.

Theatricals for Charity.

At the grand entrance-hall, a scene of stately splendour, the Duchess received her guests. Amongst those present were Princess Henry of Pless, the Marquis de Soveral, the Earl and Countess of Gosford, the Earl and Countess de Grey, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and the Countess of Crewe.

There will be shooting on the Chatsworth premises to-day, to-morrow, and on Thursday. Motor-car trips and golf on the private links will be prominent diversions.

The dramatic performance, which has become a regular feature of the royal week at Chatsworth, will take place in the theatre on Thursday night, the proceeds being in aid of local charities and institutions.

The programme comprises "Lotus," a phantasy, written by Harold Simpson and composed by Charles Braun, which will be impersonated by Princess Henry of Pless, and a one-act farce, "Time Is Money," by Lady Bell, in which the roles will be played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Muriel Wilson, and Lady Mand Wardener.

The visit is expected to last until Friday or Saturday. The telegraph department at St. Martin's-le-Grand is keeping in instant touch with Chatsworth in order to cope with the special business arising out of the King's presence there.

ROWDY WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

General Booth's Grandchildren While Speaking Mocked by Drunken Men.

On the thousands of watch-night services held by the Salvation Army on New Year's Eve, that conducted by Commissioner Nicol at High Barnet was undoubtedly the noisiest, most of the men forming the majority of the congregation being under the influence of liquor.

Two of General Booth's grandchildren—Miriam and Mary Booth—both in their "teens," gave addresses. They were continually interrupted by the intoxicated men, who imitated their voices and kept up a mocking bombardment of questions. Then they noisily demanded certain hymns.

"In spite of this, however," said Commissioner Nicol to the *Daily Mirror*, "at the end of the service some of them were actually found on their knees, praying for mercy."

HORSES' NEW YEAR BANQUET.

Titbits Much Relished by the Privileged Guest, a Donkey Connoisseur.

A whimsical scene took place at the Home of Rest for Horses at Acton yesterday, when, in the presence of a large company, seventy animals were given a "festival dinner" in celebration of the New Year.

The "menu," much relished by the eager horses, many of whom had enjoyed a treat at former New Year Days, was composed as follows:

Carrots. | Lumps of sugar.
Sweet biscuits. | Brown and white bread.

A donkey, who, for several years, has been taken to the dinner, was the most impatient guest, halting loudly before his basket of dainties was brought round.

£1,000 LEGACY FOR A WAITRESS.

Manchester charities and educational institutions benefit to the extent of £21,000 by the will of the late Mr. Alexander William Mills, architect of the Manchester Royal Exchange.

Mr. Mills also leaves a legacy of £1,000 for the purchase of an annuity for "his waitress, Louisa Walker."

RECORD "FLASHLIGHT."

"Daily Mirror" Photographs 10,000 Persons at Midnight.

On the front page of to-day's *Daily Mirror* there is reproduced one of the most remarkable flashlight photographs ever taken. It depicts the record crowd of nearly 10,000 persons who assembled round St. Paul's Cathedral at midnight on Sunday to observe the time-honoured custom of welcoming the New Year.

The difficulties of photographing at night-time such an enormous gathering are, of course, very great, and to ensure success a flash which has never been exceeded in brilliancy, had to be given. For this purpose no less than a quarter of a pound of "flash" powder—magnesium powder with gun-cotton laid beneath it—was used.

From a point of vantage at a first-floor window in St. Paul's Churchyard, courteously placed at the *Daily Mirror's* disposal by Messrs. Spence, the well-known drapers, the photograph was taken just as the hour of midnight chimed. The huge crowd started in amazement as a blaze of light of intense whiteness—thirty times more brilliant than the ordinary flash used for indoor photography—lit up St. Paul's and its surroundings for the thirtieth part of a second. People seemed temporarily blinded by the sudden light.

The flash-pan used was blown against the wall by the force of the explosion.

MR. YERKE'S WILL DISPUTED.

Widow Thought the Benefactions Would Not Be Operative During Her Life.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—There is every indication (says the "New York Herald") that Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes will contest her husband's will, whereby he gave to New York City his mansion and art gallery.

While the widow knew that it was Mr. Yerkes' intention to make this gift to the city, it is understood she supposed the gift would not be effective till after her death.

If she fights the will successfully the whole of the property must be sold, the estate buying it in and paying the widow one-third.

FREEDOM MADE HER FAINT.

Woman Released, After Thirty-four Years in Prison, Carried Back Unconscious.

Freed from the New Jersey prison, in which she had been placed thirty-four years ago as a girl of sixteen, Libbie Garbrandt was overcome by the glare and clatter of the strange streets, and fainted and had to be carried back into the prison. She required a night's rest, says the "North American," before she could be taken out again during the stillness of the night.

It was only after forty appeals for pardon had been made by friends in the outside world, who fought long and persistently on her behalf, that her release was decided on.

She had poisoned the aged man for whom she was housekeeper, at, according to her own account, the instigation of her jealous lover. It was her lover's death-bed confession of complicity that gave rise to the agitation for her release.

"A living, growing soul in a dying body; that was the plea that induced us to give the woman her freedom," said the governor of the prison.

MANLY CHIVALRY SPURNED.

Clergyman's Unpleasant Experience at the Hands of a Lady "Straphanger."

"No, I will not take your seat. It is men like you, with your silly courtesies and unwanted civilities, who try to keep women as your toys and playthings. No; I will not take your seat. I can stand as well as any man."

This declaration, proclaimed in a loud voice in a third-class carriage on the Underground Railway, greeted the Rev. Arthur Jephson's (of St. John's, Walworth) offer of his place to a person who, he writes to the "Westminster Gazette," "I thought to be a lady."

The trouble, of course, arises from the overcrowding, as to which the public will be glad to hear that directly the new signalling system is completed, six more trains an hour will be run. This will take four or five weeks to effect.

SCOTTISH MISER'S "LONG STOCKING."

An old man named Duncan Grant, whose death has just been reported to the Glasgow police, lived in great poverty, but is found to have left over £800.

ACTOR-PEER'S TRUNKS SEIZED.

MONTREAL, Monday.—Lord Rosslyn's trunks and personal effects have been seized at the instance of a theatrical manager to secure a claim arising from a breach of contract.—Laffan.

MYSTERY OF A BURNING HOUSE.

Wife's Sensational Arrest on a Charge of
Causing Her Husband's Death.

There has been an extremely startling and unusual development in the mystery surrounding a fire which broke out in Norwich on Friday morning and caused the death of James Cowen.

After investigation the police have arrested Mrs. Cowen on the charge of having caused her husband's death, and she was yesterday brought before the local magistrates.

The house in which the outbreak took place was in Railway-street. Mrs. Cowen says she and her children went to bed on Thursday night, but her husband, who came in late, sat up reading.

In the small hours the fire broke out, and soon spread through the lower rooms. By the aid of neighbours, Mrs. Cowen and her children were rescued from the bedroom, but the husband was found dead in the room below.

The police found that on his head were several wounds, which had apparently been inflicted by a blunt instrument, and arrested the wife, who said: "I did not plan to murder him, or to hurt him in any way."

Yesterday Mrs. Cowen, who is a short, dark woman, of thirty-eight, did not seem to realise the seriousness of her position, and was remanded.

Cowen, who had a good reputation as a sober, steady foreman cattle-porter, was an active worker in the Order of Foresters.

"MY FRIEND DOWNSTAIRS."

Plausible Frenchman Who Inspected Jewellery at His Hotel Charged with Stealing a Watch.

Of plausible manners, Leon Chartier, a young Frenchman, walked into Messrs. Benson's Ladugé, gift shop and ordered a gold watch and chain and some rings to be sent to the Hotel Russell.

A representative of the firm duly attended, and was shown into a room occupied by Chartier and two ladies.

The Frenchman begged the ladies to choose some rings, and then took a watch and chain downstairs "to show a friend."

He did not return, and it was stated "at the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday that he had handed the watch and chain to the manager of the Buckingham Palace Hotel in payment of an hotel bill."

He will have to explain the transaction at the sessions.

GUEST STEALS A £30 RING.

Borough Official's Wife Confesses She Abused the Hospitality of Friendship.

At least one Christmas Day party has had a sad outcome, which was revealed in the Stratford Police Court yesterday.

Mr. Somerville, the "outside electrical engineer" of the Stepney Borough Council, and his wife visited Mr. Arthur Bocking, of Woodlands, Sylvania-road, Sevenoaks, on Christmas Day.

Whilst they were there a £30 diamond ring belonging to the host was missed.

Afterwards so it was stated in court, it was traced to a pawnbroker's, where it had been pledged by Mrs. Somerville. When arrested, and also at the police court yesterday, Mrs. Somerville admitted taking the ring under great temptation.

She was remanded in order that her husband could attend, the chairman remarking that it was a serious case.

HARD LABOUR FOR HORSE THRASHING.

It appeared to be a joke to George Dobbs, carman, of Edmonton, that he should be charged at Enfield yesterday with cruelty to a horse.

It seemed to be justice to the Bench that he should undergo fourteen days' hard labour, for he thrashed an emaciated horse so that one of its sides was a mass of wounds and weals.

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE,"

A Strikingly Powerful Serial,
By WILLIAM LE QUEUX,
BEGINS IN FRIDAY'S

'ILLUSTRATED MAIL'

It is a fascinating love-story, in which we are given a vivid description of the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo and glimpses of the gay life of the Riviera.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GREAT "LIFE."

Brilliant Son Writes the Biography of His Still More Famous Father.

Whatever fate future years may hold in store for Mr. Winston Churchill, there can be no doubt that the two bulky volumes which his filial piety has urged him to consecrate to the memory of his father have placed him in a high place in the list of biographers.

Merely on its merits, it is a remarkable book; as the work of a young man who has only recently passed his thirty-second birthday it is a really wonderful production.

Its style is consistently fine. It is full of passages of real force and beauty, of wit, of humour, of broad fun, of pathos, of keen and illuminating comment on men and things; and it evidences a knowledge of the intricacies of the political and diplomatic history of a peculiarly interesting and tumultuous period, and a ripeness of judgment truly amazing when it is remembered that it is the work of so young a man.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill it may be said:—

"Turn him to any course of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will untie;
Familiar as his garter."

The reader will rise from the perusal of these volumes with a double satisfaction. They assure us of the literary advent of a new writer of truly remarkable powers, and they raise and purify the memory of a man who, wonderful and precocious as was his success in the arena of party politics, has never yet received his just due as a thinker and a statesman.

Pyrotechnical Showman.

Many people who should know better continue to think of Lord Randolph Churchill as a sort of political Gayroche, a parliamentary gutter-snipe and mud-slinger, or at best as a mere pyrotechnical showman and self-advertiser. He was infinitely more, and infinitely better than anything of the kind.

He could, of course, be virulently, and at moments vulgarly, abusive. To refer to Mr. Gladstone as "the Moloch of Midlothian" and to Mr. Chamberlain as "the pinhead of the party" is not the height of polemical good manners. Even his filially-admiring biographer characterises the following attack on Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain as "unmeasured ferocity":—

The savage animosity which Mr. Bright has breathed into his speeches has raised a corresponding spirit among his opponents. The role of ruffianism with which he and his confederates attack each other seems to be to make them be born asunder; naked and ashamed shall they be beheld by all the intelligent public, and all shall be disclosed which can be whether it be the impostor, the swindler, the swindled, the swindler or the swindled of Mr. Chamberlain, or the dark and evil deeds of Mr. Schadhorst.

Here is another passage in a similar strain:—

All those who read Mr. Charles Villiers's speeches will find that Mr. Bright and his dear friend, Mr. Cobden, were nothing more nor less than two plundering cuckoos, who shamefully ejected Mr. Charles Villiers from the nest which he had constructed, and who reared therein their own chattering and silly brood.

Attack on Mr. Gladstone.

That is kind of thing which did no harm to the reputation of the great men he attacked and no good to himself. Vastly better was the attack on Mr. Gladstone contained in the following passage, marked by genuine humour and by no means devoid of a certain amount of comically spoken truth:—

For the purposes of recreation he has selected the felling of trees; and we may usefully remark that his amusements, like his politics, are essentially destructive. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perish. . . .

And again:—

One would have thought that the deputation would have been received in the drawing-room, study in the drawing-room, or even in the dining-room. Not at all. That would have been out of harmony with the advertisement "boon." Another would have been received in the ornamental rooms, guided through the ornaments, passing into the wide-spreading parlor, strewn with the wreckage and the ruins of the Prime Minister's sport. All around them, we may suppose, lay the rotting trunks of oak, beech, and chestnut, torn to pieces by the winds, were broken and bark and whithered shoots. They come suddenly on the Prime Minister and Master Hobson, in society and in profuse perspiration engaged in the destruction of a giant oak, just giving its last dying groan. They are permitted to gaze and to worship and adore, and, having conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, are allowed to leave the room, and to go down as a memorial of that memorable scene. Is not this? I thought to myself as I read the narrative, a perfect type and emblem of Mr. Gladstone's government of England. The year after the country in 1859 sought Mr. Gladstone. He told them that he would give them and all other subjects of the Queen much legislation, great prosperity, and universal peace; and he has given them nothing but chips. Chips to the faithful allies in Afghanistan, chips to the trusting native races of South Africa, chips to

the tigerish love-story, in which we are given a vivid description of the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo and glimpses of the gay life of the Riviera.

It is a fascinating love-story, in

which we are given a vivid description of the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo and glimpses of the gay life of the Riviera.

"TUBE" WORKMAN FALLS 180ft.

Working in a shaft 180ft. deep on the new Charing Cross and Hampstead "Tube," George Haylott while lowering a staging fell 180ft., and was killed. Yesterday the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Accidental death.

the Egyptian fellah, chips to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer, and the amateur chips to the agriculturist, and chips to the High Commissioner himself. To all who leaned upon Mr. Gladstone, who trusted in him, and who hoped for something from him—chips, nothing but chips—hard, dry, unmeaning chips.

The parish church at Hawarden is insufficient to contain the thronging multitudes of spectators who throng to hear Mr. Gladstone read the lessons for the service. The people paraded the roads to the hospitable Nonconformist calenaderies in order that mankind may be present at the Prime Minister's rendering of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, or the Book of Job.

But perhaps his shrewdest triumph over the "old parliamentary hand" was the fashion in which he inspired "the Fourth Party" to make Mr. Gladstone his own most terrible obstructionist. Mr. Churchill's account of the manoeuvre is quietly but richly funny:—

In his most insinuating manner the member for Woodstock would rise in his place and request the Prime Minister to explain some clause or sub-section of the bill. Gladstone would invariably respond to this invitation with evident alacrity, and frequently at considerable length.

The wealth of fact and argument with which in single speech he would speculate on every delicate secret lesser matter with main ideas when these were exhausted Mr. Gorst would get up and thank the Prime Minister for his lucid exposition, which he would say, had made everything perfectly intelligible. Then he would turn to the audience upon which he would be most grateful to receive further information.

When Mr. Gladstone had made a second lengthy speech he would say was Sir Henry Wolf's turn to state how clear all had been made to his comprehension also with a single exception. "If you speak again," said Sir William Harcourt, on one occasion to the chief, "we shall be here all morning."

It is gratifying to know that, bitter as was their political feud, both Lord Randolph and his great antagonist could recognise and proclaim each other's virtues. "That," said Lord Randolph to a Liberal Unionist friend, one night after Gladstone had held numerous party silent and speechless by his marvellous flow of talk, "that is the man you have left! How could you do it?" Mr. Gladstone's comment on Lord Randolph reads almost startlingly after perusing the passages quoted above. "The most costly man I ever met." Such was the fashion in which he described him to Mr. Morley.

"Jockeying" the House.

The best story in the book of this kind runs as follows: Lord Randolph had described Mr. Gladstone as "jockeying" and "houscousing" the House. "This," said Sir William Harcourt in stern reproof, "is the language of the Derby." "No," said Lord Randolph, in a stage whisper, audible all over the Chamber, "It is the language of the Hoax."

These things, though characteristic, are trivialities perhaps unduly dwelt upon here. Lord Randolph did some great things, and not the smallest was when, by sheer obstinate force of personal will, he assured the appointment of Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India. A yet greater feat was his addition of Burma, against strenuous opposition, to the appanages of the British Crown. Before he was thirty, his name was famous throughout the world. At six and thirty he was Secretary of State for India. At seven and thirty he was Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Pursued by Ill-Health."

He was pursued all his life by ill-health, and, in spite of a generally buoyant temperament, and a conviction that his life would be but brief. He knew moments of intense melancholy. It was in such a moment that he wrote to his wife:—

More than two-thirds, in all probability, of my life is over, and I will not spend the remainder of my life in being held against a stone wall. I expect I have made great mistakes which have been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude—notthing but strife, malice, and abuse. I am quite tired and dead-sick of it all, and will not continue political life any longer.

The portrait drawn by the reluctant pen of his son and biographer of his appearance on one of the last occasions on which he addressed the House is terribly saddening:—

The House, crowded in every part to hear him, was shocked by his strangely altered appearance. It was evident that this bold and resolute man, with shaking hands and a white face drawn with pain and deeply marked with the lines of care and illness, and with a voice whose tremor took him already beyond the natural dignity of articulation, should be that same brilliant, audacious leader who, in the flush of exultant youth, had marched irresistibly to power through the stormy days of 1886.

He died at forty-six, a time of life at which many brilliant and some great statesmen have been lost in their political nomena. Who may say to what heights he might have climbed had time been granted him?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, by Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

MR. HORNER UNDISMAYED.

Energetically Canvassing and Confident of Keeping His Seat.

In spite of the official recognition of Major Gastrell's candidature for North Lambeth and the difficulties surrounding his present position, Mr. Horner, the sitting member, is by no means dismayed.

Yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Horner, he was busily engaged in driving round the constituency in a pair-horse phæton, conspicuously placarded, visiting his supporters.

Interviewed last night by the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Horner indignantly denied his intention of not contesting the seat. "Far from that," he said. "I am making every effort to retain it. I have more than a thousand posters out all over the constituency, and the proof coming in to-night of my address, I intend fighting every inch."

"I have the loyal co-operation of all my old supporters, and I am sure the Labour candidate will not take from me a single vote. He is regarded as an interloper, and is called the 'Lambeth encroacher candidate' as endeavouring to steal my nest."

"With four opponents cutting into each other's votes I do not think my position will be very materially weakened. I expect to keep my seat." "As regards the attack made on me by the Press," concluded Mr. Horner, "all I have to say is that I absolutely deny their statements. But although on principle I have sent out half a dozen writs for libel against various newspapers, I bear them no malice."

A photograph of Mr. Horner appears on page 8.

BANK OF ENGLAND PROSECUTES.

Two Married Women Accused of Forging a Transfer of £1,544 of India Stock.

The Bank of England figured as prosecutor at the Mansion House yesterday, when two married women—Annie Pearson, of Hammersmith, and Jeannie Pearson, of Putney—were charged with forging in October of 1903 a transfer of £1,544 India Stock.

The case for the Bank is that Jeannie Pearson, in the presence of the other accused, signed the transfer, which stood in the name of a relative, Marian Pearson.

The signatory urged that she did not know what she was signing. A remand was granted and bail allowed.

BOGUS "WATER-MAN'S" HAUL.

Eaton-square Resident Robbed of Jewels Worth £400 by a Daring Impostor.

Yet another audacious robbery of gems, valued at about £400, from a private house is engaging the attention of the London police.

It was on Friday last that a well-dressed man, of fair complexion and agreeable manners, called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tanqueray, at 16, Clevenden-place, Eaton-square.

He had, he said, come from "the water company" to examine "a defective tap." He was allowed to go to the upper floor unattended, and was only in the house a few minutes. The Water Board disown the visitor.

INVENTOR STARVED TO DEATH.

Clever but Self-willed, He Squandered His Profits and Opportunities and Died Penniless.

"A very clever man and the inventor of many things of great value" was a Mr. Taylor's description to the Southwark Coroner yesterday of Axel Theodor Wedelen, of Swedish nationality, who died penniless in Guy's Hospital from cerebral hemorrhage.

He had, said Mr. Taylor, been in good circumstances, but had peculiar ideas about the utilisation of his inventions, that led him to sacrifice the profits which he would otherwise have brought him.

Wedelen was a strong man, but Mr. Taylor believed that he had starved himself to death, as he was willing to work but insisted on doing it in his own peculiar fashion or not at all.

To Election Canvassers.

If you wish to secure votes for your party you must have at your finger-ends the pros and cons of the questions upon which the election will turn. You will find what you want in the

1/6 "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK. 1/6

RECORD RUSH TO BARGAIN SALES.

Not Enough Shop Assistants To Cope with the Business.

TELEPHONE ORDERS.

Grim and earnest were the battles fought by fair bargain-hunters at the great winter sales which began in London yesterday.

The weather was perfect for the opening of the campaign, and, fortified by unusually early breakfasts, many suburban wives had set out for the West End long before their "lords and masters" had Citywards.

Over thirty of the leading establishments were ready for the fray, and, although every effort had been made to cope with the rush, the fight for frippery and fur-buckles, carpets and costumes, furs and finery, was altogether unprecedented.

"Although it was such a cold morning," the manager of Messrs. Swan and Edgar told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "ladies were waiting outside before we opened, and the rush was worse than that at a theatre matinée."

"How quickly the bargains were snapped up you may imagine when I tell you that within a couple of hours a lady, accompanied by two daughters, came to me in great distress, because thirty day gowns, marked in our catalogue as reduced from five to ten guineas down to 21s. and 59s. 6d., had gone."

FEMININE CONCERNEDNESS.

"She would not believe it, and doubted if they ever existed. I assured her they did, but she said they must have been put away. 'They can't have been sold!'" were her parting words.

"We have disposed of 125,000 catalogues already, and hundreds more have been written for, while our poster department had over 2,000 letters to deal with this morning alone."

To the female mind all is fair in love—and shopping, but one lady wished she had not been so conscientious yesterday. She called early at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, to secure a lovely sable cape she had set her heart on.

When she heard it had gone she almost gave way to tears. "Oh, I do wish I had asked for it on Saturday," she said, "but I was too conscientious, and didn't like to before the sale."

At the same establishment three ladies fiercely fought for the possession of the same costume, and in the end one obtained the bodice, another the skirt, while the third went empty away.

Several ladies who had come from Brighton and elsewhere took no pains to conceal their disappointment that the best bargains had gone. "We must come up to town overnight, dear, next time," said one to another dejectedly.

SHOPPER'S HEADACHE.

In Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's beautifully-ventilated establishment no one complained of "shopper's headache." Even the packing-rooms are supplied with air which is filtered, warmed, and scented with Peau d'Espagne, or some other perfume.

"The rush has been greater than ever," said the manager, "despite the fact that we have opened a special department to receive orders by telephone. We have three operators with catalogues in front of them taking orders as fast as they can all day."

Messrs. D. H. Evans and Company were also bombarded with customers from early until late. "It has been one long, continuous stream all day," said a tired head of department to *The Daily Mirror*, "but I'm glad of one thing. Ladies seem to make up their minds a little quicker than they used to do."

Supremely happy young couples with a would-be bored by morimony sort of air about them, shilly inspected dreams of bargains in lovely carpets at Messrs. Hamptons. Only an observant salesman, however, noticed the lady's pretty blush in the crowded rooms when he drew "madam's" attention to 25 and 35 per cent. reductions in British-made carpets.

BASHFUL MALE ESCORT.

As a rule men—especially young men—do not like sales, but they generally find their way to Hampson's, and in their search for bargains they are never alone.

So eager were some bargain-hunters at William Whiteley's that twenty minutes before the great shop opened its doors—at twenty minutes to nine—several ladies managed to gain an entrance by means of a private door used by the assistants, and made a frantic rush for the mande department.

"I should say that we have had between fifty and sixty thousand people in the premises already," said the manager of William Whiteley's to *The Daily Mirror*. "Even if we had an additional 500 assistants we should still have all our work cut out to serve everybody."

"Business is twice as good as it has been for years past," was the cheerful story everywhere. Messrs. Cranston and Elliott, in Southampton-row, were serving double the number of customers that they did last New Year's Day; while at Messrs. Wall's establishment in Holborn it was impossible to get within three yards of the counters,

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

To equip the proposed National Naval Museum a committee recently formed will ask for subscriptions up to £100,000.

Mr. George Ely, of Wimbledon, whose safe was stolen last week, received yesterday by delivery van a cashbook which had been in it.

One hundred and forty orphans of the Duke of York's School, with the staff, will be entertained by Mr. Oswald Stoll at the Coliseum this evening.

From a scaffolding platform 70ft. high, the long arm of a huge crane fell to the ground in St. James's-street, W., yesterday, injuring one of the workmen.

Six chairs, belonging to the original Beef Steak Club, one of which was used by the Prince of Wales as president, are, by the will of the late Mr. John Harrison Foster, of Witney, Surrey, to be sold at Christie's.

The copyright of the charming picture, "What if Santa Claus should oversleep himself?" reproduced in *The Daily Mirror* on Christmas Day, is the property of Messrs. James Henderson and Sons, of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

Mr. William Mellings, under whom Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, served his apprenticeship as an engineer, died at St. Helens, Lancs, yesterday. On Christmas Day Mr. Mellings received from Mr. Seddon a prime New Zealand lamb.

The King of Spain has conferred the Commandership of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic upon Mr. William Rome, F.S.A., of Creekside Place, Essex. Mr. Rome was chairman of the committee of the Exhibition of Spanish Art at the Guildhall in 1901.

At the Central Criminal Court to-day, the famous Pandora case, in which an explorer named Kerby is charged with converting to his own use articles consigned to the natives of Tristan d'Acunha, will be commenced before Mr. Justice Grantham.

At the hearing of a slate club prosecution yesterday, Mr. Mead, the Thames magistrate, said he regretted having last week excluded church and chapel clubs in an unfavourable comment upon the management of slate clubs generally.

On the occasion of the 100th performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre to-morrow evening, Mr. Arthur Bourchier will present to every member of the audience an artiste souvenir.

To obtain better shooting with the 6-pounder guns on torpedo-boat destroyers, the Admiralty have ordered the increase of the practice allowance of ammunition from forty to eighty rounds a gun.

Of twenty-five London boards of guardians asked by the Mile End Board to join in a conference on the equalisation of the London Poor-rate, eleven have consented and fourteen have declined.

SCENE OF A GREAT MOSCOW MASSACRE.



The Lonbienka Place at Moscow, held by the revolutionists with desperate valour against the Government troops. All streets leading into the square were blocked, the cross showing where one of the principal barricades was erected. When the troops entered the square the revolutionists took refuge in the Church of the Nine Martyrs (on the left in the photograph), which was then bombarded and the tower destroyed by artillery.

Liverpool Corporation have prepared a scheme for issuing electric motors on the hire-purchase system to machinery-users in the city. The corporation believe that but for the large initial outlay required electric energy would soon become popular for power purposes.

Hastings and Eastbourne will, in the course of a few days, receive mailed letters and parcels from London by a motor mail van that will leave St. Martin's-le-Grand every evening about nine o'clock, and travel via Tunbridge Wells.

One effect of the trouble in Russia has been to produce a shortage of matches. Several large dealers have no stock left, but no increase in the price is likely, plentiful supplies being obtainable from other countries.

The Rev. J. Puleston Jones, of Dinorwic, who is totally blind, has walked sixteen miles through the heart of Snowdonia, from Bettws-y-Coed to Llanberis, quite alone, and is very proud of the feat.

Cambridge Town Council have accepted from subscribers to the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund a portrait of the late Queen painted from one in the National Gallery.

Holyhead is the latest suitor for the works of Messrs. Yarrow, the London shipbuilding firm shortly removing from Poplar on account of the high rates.

Nearly 2cwt. of "anti-crave lozenges" have been sold by the Church Army to men and women fighting the habit of inebriety.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

A DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart. To-NIGHT, SAT. at 8.15. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. MAT. WED. (Jan. 3). THURS. (Jan. 4). SAT. (Jan. 5), and EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Terry) open 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

A LDWYCH THEATRE, Strand. Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. To-DAY and TONIGHT, DAILY, at 2 and 8. CHARLES FROHMAN presents ELLALINE TERRELL and SEYMOUR HICKS. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2231. Gerrard.

H IS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN. To-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS REVIVAL of Shakespeare's Comedy, THE TEMPEST.

Caliban MR. TREE. MATINEES TO-MORROW (Wednesday) and SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

MONDAY, January 8, to SATURDAY, January 13. TWELVE NIGHT. Moliere. MR. TREE; Violin, Miss VIOLET FREE; Olivia, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER. MONDAY, Wednesday, January 10, and SATURDAY, January 12.

MONDAY, January 15, to SATURDAY, January 17. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. MR. TREE; Nancy, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER. ONLY MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17.

TUESDAY, January 18, for Three Nights Only. ILLENS'S AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. DR. STOCKMAN. MR. TREE. Followed by Rudyard Kipling's THE MAN WHO WAS. Admitted by P. Kinsey Pele. Author, *Laemmle's*, Mr. TREE.

I MPERIAL, Shaftesbury Avenue. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-MORROW (Wednesday) and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. PRESENTED in four acts, by Radclyffe Lathe, adapted by Louis N. Parker and Selwyn Brinton, entitled THE HARLEQUIN KING.

This theatre, partially reconstructed and entirely renovated, will be reopened for an EIGHTH SEASON of FRENCH PLAYS.

THURSDAY NEXT, JANUARY 4th at 8.20. MADAME REJANE. Supported by Mademoiselle MARCELLE LENDER, and a distinguished company of Parisian artists, will appear Pailleron's masterpiece.

JAN. 5. LA SOURISS. COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY E. PAILLERON, PRECEDED BY LA S.UAVE GARDE, OPERA PLAY, BY KARL DES FONTENES, IN WHICH MADELEINE and MR. HUGUET appear.

JAN. 8, 9.—LA SOURISS. COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY H. MEILHAC. HEUREUSE, COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY MM. HENRIQUEZ and BIHAND. JAN. 10, 11.—HEUREUSE, COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY MM. H. H. BERNSTEIN. MATINEES, Sat. Next, LA SOURISS; Jan. 13, LA RAFALE. Box-office open daily, 10 to 5. Tel. 3853 Gerrard.

S T. JAMES'S. WILLIAM MOLLISON. Sole Lessee, Mr. George Alexander.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSY.

WILLIAM MOLLISON, ELIAN BRAUNWAITE. MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

TERRYS.—Sole Prop., Mr. Edward Terry.

TO-DAY and DAILY, at 3 and 9. CHARMING FOURCHETTES AND CO. PRESENTED, at 8.30, FOURCHETTES AND CO. Box-office (Mr. Scarsbrick) open 10 to 10.

W ALDORF THEATRE.—"LIGHTS OUT."

Lessee, the Messrs. Shubert.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

H. V. EDMOND, CHARLES FULTON, LESLIE FABER, W. T. LOVELL, MISS EVA MOORE.

Preceded, at 8.30, by LA MAIN, a Mimodrama in one act. Miss CAMILLA DALBERG.

W ALDORF THEATRE.—NOAH'S ARK.

TO-DAY and EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, an original Fairy Play, entitled NOAH'S ARK.

NOAH'S ARK. MISS MADGE LESSING.

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MISS MADGE LESSING. NOAH'S ARK.

BOX OFFICE, 10 to 10. Telephone, 3830 Gerrard.

W YNDHAM'S. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

NIGHTLY, at 3. MATINEE WED. and SAT. at 3.

MISS MARION TERRY and Miss MARY MOORE, in CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE, by H. H. Davies. At 8.30, "The American Widow." WYNDHAM'S.

E LPHANT and CASTLE THEATRE, Daily, 2.30. Grand Comic Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE. Popular Prices. Free Booking. Matines Mon. and Thurs., Sat., 2.0. Children half-price.

C OLISEUM, CHARING-CROSS.—THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3, 6, and 9 p.m.

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P RICES, etc. to 2 Guineas.

L ONDON. THE DAILY HIPPODROME.

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ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, Argyle-st., W.

Daily, 3 and 8. Special attractions Xmas Holidays, 1 to 5, Children half-price. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 4138. Immediate booking advised to avoid disappointment.

M ASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES

(late Matkeyne and Cooke), ST. GEORGE'S HALL,

LANGHAM PLACE, W. Daily, at 3 and 8. "Masol Moon" (new version, including Indian Trick); M. C. Mulligan, "The English Tap-dancer"; "The Crystal Vases"; "Enchanted Hive"; "Gong Gong," etc. Reserved Seats, 2s, to 6s; Balcony, 1s. Children under 12 half-price. Phone, 1843 Mayfair. Telegrams, "Maskelyne, London."

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1906.

TOLSTOI'S LATEST.

A NEW Year is a season for "taking stock." That process is not confined to the shops. We all do it more or less. We sum up the progress we have made towards the goals of our ambition, or the increase in our riches (if any), or the development of our characters, or it may be only the number of New Years we have seen.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for January Count Tolstoi, in characteristic fashion, takes stock of the Universe. He sees as clearly as does Maeterlinck, who also contributes to the number, that the world is just now passing through a period of transition. Maeterlinck says the transition is from belief in Christianity to "morality without religion." Tolstoi advances the extraordinary suggestion that we are at the beginning of an era in which true Christians will "refuse to obey any human authority whatever."

He asserts that the Russian revolution is due to the perception by the Russian people of the fact that their Government asked them to do things which were un-Christian—to become soldiers, for instance, and kill their fellow-men. This perception he hopes to see growing general, and he looks forward to the time when there will be no governments to "coerce" people, when everyone will live "in obedience to the law of God."

This, according to Tolstoi, was the real message of Christ—that under no circumstances ought Christians to use violence. They ought to put up with every kind of wrong, whether it be having their pockets picked or being compelled to pay taxes for purposes they disapprove of.

One thing (among many things) which Tolstoi does not see clearly is that men would be certain to interpret the will of God in whatever way best suited their own purposes. If every man were a law unto himself there would be no general law, no security of person or property. The Hugh Watt kind of man would say, "It is God's will that my wife should cease to exist," and might easily get to believe it.

Tolstoi would very likely reply that in course of time this doctrine of Anarchy (i.e., no organised rule or government) would permeate the whole world. But if, as he says, it has taken us nearly 2,000 years to discover what Christ really taught, it cannot take less than another 2,000 (at least) to put His teaching into practice. Long before that time was accomplished, all the Christian nations would have been wiped out! And until the wiping-out was completed, they would live miserably under bad governors.

Tolstoi proves this himself. He says the Russian people are the most truly Christian in the world because they have not wanted power. They have not sought to make themselves accomplices of the "violent men" who govern them, by getting votes. What has been the result? Tolstoi speaks of their "misery," of their being humiliated by insane rulers, of their sufferings under coercion. Their disinclination to govern themselves has, in fact, resulted in their being the worst-governed nation in Europe. And Tolstoi's advice to them is, "Go on being the worst governed. Whatever happens, submit."

This is a parody of Christianity. It is a counsel for the feeble-hearted, a policy for the pusillanimous. If Count Tolstoi said: "Train your minds to accept good or bad fortune just as it comes. Put up with inevitable evils bravely. Be so much master of your own soul and your own destiny that you need fear nothing which men can do unto you"—that would be a heartening message for 1906. As it stands, his idea is merely grotesque.

War is bad, and governments make mistakes, and rulers imagine vain things. But it is not disobedience to governments which is wrong. It is letting the wrong people govern.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Aspiration is infinitely more attractive to me than possession, as the promise of daybreak has more charm to my eyes than the golden light of noon.—Charles Wagner.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

In spite of all that has been said against them there is something very refreshing about general elections. Even those who have nothing to gain or lose by them are stirred into brushing off the cobwebs from the corners of their brains, into revising their judgments, into making up their minds anew. Before working men, the middle class, and the rich begin once more to do rather dreary things in a more or less spiritless manner there is this season of tumult and talk to force them into the consideration of matters apart from the usual business of getting up and going forth to labour—or pleasure—until evening.

* * *

Besides these moral advantages an election is still, even after the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, an experience materially profitable to the needy and obscure. It must always have been so. Glancing at some old letters in a musty volume of Sir Thomas Browne, I came upon a passage descriptive of an election more than 200 years ago, which shows that even in the sleepy Norwich of 1679, with telephones, telegraphs, motor-cars, and all the agitating paraphernalia of a modern contest of the sort still in the womb of time, there was a

after the contest, showed that the expenses of candidates all over the United Kingdom amounted to £1,041,436. The election of 1880 had also some curious figures to show. In Middlesex, for instance, the expenses of Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Coope were £11,500 8s. 2d., and Mr. Herbert Gladstone's, who fought the seat against them, were £3,377 7s. 7d. The 1880 elections were notorious for "corrupt practices."

* * *

All kinds of comic stories are told about the methods, more or less patent, by which bribery was carried on. In 1852, in a speech on the St. Albans Disfranchisement Bill, Mr. Jacob Bell described a very popular method. The parliamentary agent (otherwise the Briber-in-Chief) had a room, which he called a committee-room, in a not too-prominent building in the town. An elector would be ushered into the presence of this able functionary. "Well, Mr. So-and-So," the agent would say, "how do you do, to-day?" And he would hold up three fingers, signifying that he would supply three sovereigns.

* * *

If three sovereigns were not enough the elector would then reply, "I am not well to-day." Five fingers were then extended. "Oh, I am not very ill. It is all right." Whereupon the agent would

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR.

In answer to Mr. H. Bulley, I should like to say that the Socialism which he attacks is the Socialism which exists only in his own mind. It is a common trick in discussion to wilfully misrepresent the views of your opponent, and this Mr. Bulley has done.

I challenge him to name one recognised Socialist writer who teaches that Socialism means "cutting up all the land into little pieces and dividing all the profits?" The Socialists of this country are working on practical lines by joining hands with their fellow-workers on the lines laid down by the Labour Representation Committee. Ninety Labour candidates are in the field for parliamentary honours, and many of them are Socialists, who understand why millions of people are on the verge of starvation spite of our boasted civilization and enormous increase of national wealth. The aim of Socialists is to promote a system which will give everyone who is willing and able a chance to live by his labour. In short, Socialism is the gospel of hope, and individualism is the gospel of despair.

W. B. RAMSEY,

61, Blundell-street, Grimsby.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

I do not agree with your Brendford correspondent. In a case such as he mentions, let a man speak out like a man, and give the girl a little peace of mind as to his real intentions.

A man has no right to try and make a compact of friendship, unless he is quite sure that the girl does not care in a different way. I believe that these vague "compacts" cause no end of secret suffering, and I maintain that if there is love on either side there can be no question of platonic friendship.

Paddington.

A WOMAN.

Is not Mr. Lamontain slightly in error when he says, in his interesting letter, that "friendship is a mental attitude far removed from the sentimentalism of love?"

Surely true love is not sentimental, and the deepest love is only sincere friendship.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

BISHOP AGAINST CLERK.

I am disgusted at the decision arrived at by the Great Central Railway Company.

Is it not exorbitant for a servant in a trusted position, such as a booking-clerk, to be discharged because statements made by one so high in rank, who, on account of perhaps being a season-ticket holder in the eyes of the company could not make a mistake?

My own experience enables me to state that a certain class of authoritative persons are mostly the cause of the trouble. They have a very great weakness for the small sentence, "I will report you." Allowing that a booking-clerk's duties consist of being a "human time-table," a parcels-clerk, telegraphist, and numerous other grades all in one, it is surprising that such few cases referring to wrong change are published.

S. B. C.

London.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Winston Churchill.

M R. CHURCHILL'S long-awaited life of his father is published to-day. It will probably, during the next few weeks, be almost as much talked about as the election.

The author is certainly a wonderfully energetic person. "Work and despair not" says the beautiful motto from Goethe which he is prefixed to the book; and certainly Mr. Churchill has never been afraid of work. At the age of thirty-two he has passed through enough exciting experience to do credit to a man of eighty. Soldier, newspaper correspondent, politician, and the author of weighty books, he has yet been able to astonish us all once again by the extraordinarily learned, and well-balanced account which everybody will be buying this morning.

Mr. Winston Churchill will rise in public esteem by this last achievement of his. Mr. Labouchere, writing to Lord Randolph Churchill in a letter published in "The Times," begs him not to forget the "power of the machine," of party government, to moderate his tendency towards adventures, and his love for the attitude of a free-lance. The public will take an interest, after reading that sage advice, in seeing whether the son will learn the lesson of his book and remember the power of the machine better than his father.

IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 1.—The new year commences in truly frosty fashion. The garden, swept by bitter east winds, is frozen as hard as rock; snowdrops and Christmas roses look forth across a dreary world.

Plants of a rather tender nature are greatly benefited by leaving their withered foliage to protect them during hard weather. Thus the dead stalks of the astromerias should not be cut down in exposed places, and prostrate ferns will shelter the crowns of half-hardy species.

In gardens where "tidiness" is not considered everything, fallen leaves should be left on the surface of beds and borders, for, besides keeping the soil warm, worms soon drag them underground and the fertility of the earth is thereby greatly increased.

E. F. T.

THE ELECTIONEERING CONCERT IN FULL SWING.



John Bull is nearly driven mad just now by the various and discordant tunes being played in his ears by the multitude of candidates for seats in the next Parliament. They are all playing together, and so loudly that he cannot make up his mind which to prefer.

mighty hurrying hither and thither and a good deal of making merry.

"Our election was last Monday," says the learned Sir Thomas. "I never observed so great a number of people who came to give their voices, but all was civilly carried at the hill, and I do not find of any rude or und handsome carriage, the competitors having the week before sett down rules and agreed upon articles for their regular and quiet proceeding. I could not but observe the great number of horses which were in the towne. Wine was had none but sack and Rhenish; but there was a strange consumption of beere and bread and cakes. Abundance of people slept in the market-place and laye like flocks of sheep in and about the crossse."

It amazes us nowadays to read of the times when many candidates purchased their seats, as a man might purchase a ready-made suit of clothes. Sir Samuel Romilly, in his diary of 1807, writes in this airy way about his candidature: "I shall procure myself a seat in the new Parliament. Tierney assures me he can hear of no seats to be disposed of. He has offered £10,000 for the two seats at Westbury, and has met with a refusal." Such a direct method of procedure would no doubt scandalise now, but still elections are horribly expensive, and many men have been ruined by them.

Take the election of 1874. A return made to the House of Commons in the August of that year,

casually place five sovereigns on the table, walk with an air of indifference to the window, whilst a few bars, then would look round and find that the elector had vanished—and the sovereigns with him.

Sometimes particularly rowdy and enthusiastic electors have been known to send in carefully prepared bills for expenses incurred on behalf of the successful candidate. A particularly comic one was that sent by an Irish inn-keeper at Trim to Sir Mark Somerville. Here are some of the items: "To eating sixteen freeholders above stairs at 3s. 3d. a head, £2 12s." (By "eating," be it observed, he means feeding.) "For breakfast on the morrow in the evening for every one of them to raw whisky and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me at least £79." All that without a single comma or full stop!

This intrepid inn-keeper then asks to be paid also for "shaving and cropping off the beards of forty-nine freeholders for Sir Marle." And he ends up by saying: "I don't talk of the Piper or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober." Truly, since those days, the humours of elections have notably declined!

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

MR. F. HORNER CANVASSES NORTH LAMBETH.



Mr. F. Horner and his wife captured by the camera yesterday in the smart turnout, from which they were inaugurating an energetic canvass of North Lambeth. Though not supported by any party organisation, Mr. Horner means to try once more to obtain the suffrages of his old constituency.

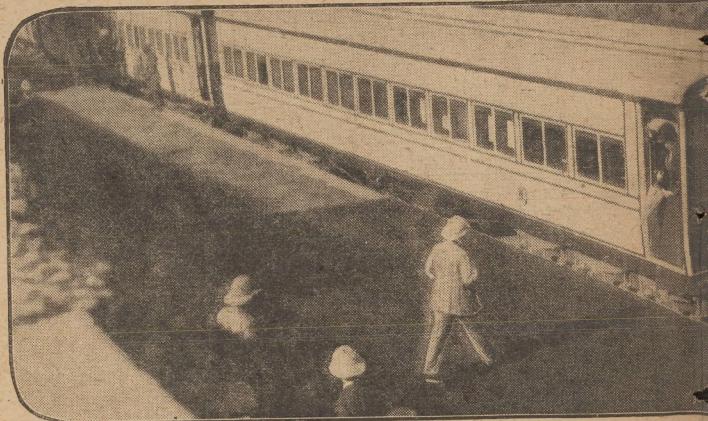
NEW YEAR SALES IN THE WEST END.



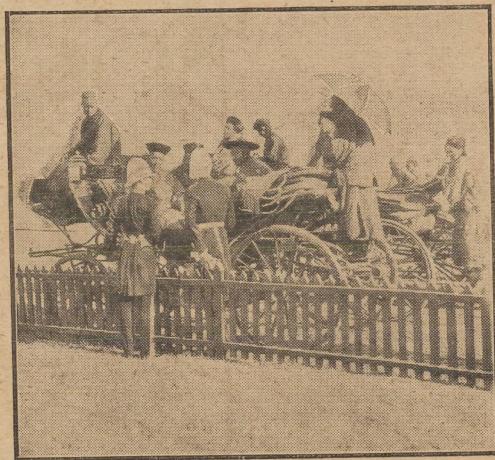
New Year sales brought thousands of ladies to the West End yesterday in search of bargains. Some idea of the scene in Oxford-street at an early hour of the morning may be gathered from our photograph.

SNAPSHOTS of the ROYAL

TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL STAFF PHOTOGRAPH



Special train conveying the Princess of Wales arriving at Lord Kitchener's camp at Rawal Pindi
Prince of Wales is stepping across the platform to greet her Royal Highness



Snapshot of the Tashi Lama of Tibet talking to British officers at the Rawal Pindi review. The Tashi Lama, who is practically the head of Buddhism, is only about twenty-five years of age.



The Princess of Wales with a bouquet from the son of the late rajah of Kashgar



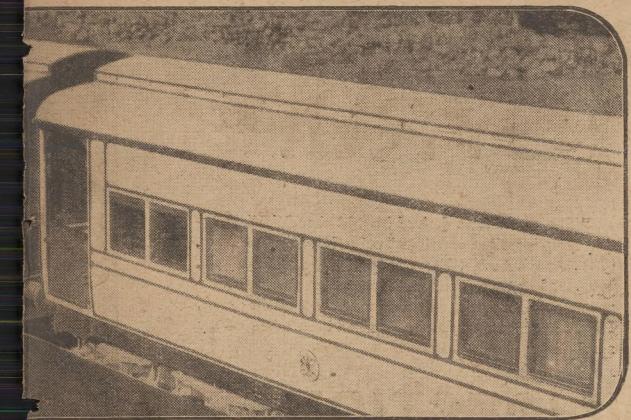
Supplying water to the crowd at Delhi. Separate windows are used for the Mohammedans and the Hindoos.



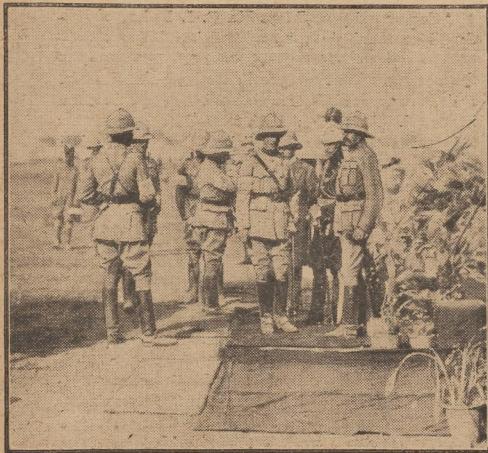
Arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the great mosque of Delhi. The walls of the Moghul

TOUR IN INDIA

ER ACCOMPANYING THE ROYAL TOUR.



In the photograph the Princess can be seen at the door of the state car, while the
ess. Lord Kitchener is seen immediately behind the Prince.



accepts a
the Maha-
Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, at the great review of troops by the Prince of Wales at Rawal Pindi. This was the most striking military display of the tour.



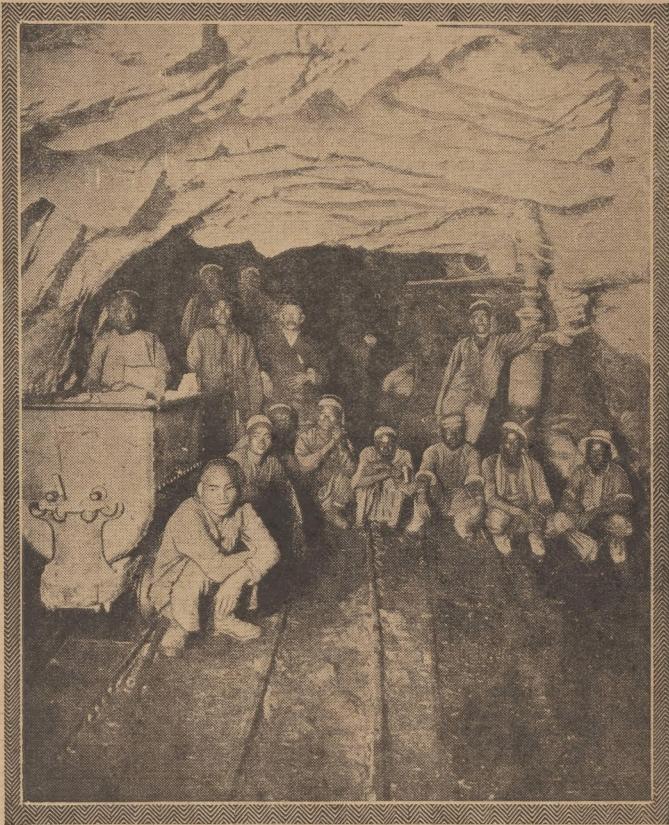
motor-car at the Jamma Masjid, the
palace appear in the background of the



The Prince of Wales at the palace of
the Maharajah of Kashmir at Jamma.
Observe the state umbrella.

CAMERA GRAPHS

CHINESE LABOURERS AT WORK ON THE RAND.



Photograph taken 800ft. below the surface in a gold mine on the Rand, showing a gang of Chinese "trammers." Lord Elgin's dispatch, putting a stop to further recruiting of Chinese labour for the mines, has aroused keen opposition in Johannesburg.—(Gordon and Gotch.)

COMMENCING THE ELECTION FIGHT IN THE CITY.



Sir Edward Clarke, in the centre of the photograph, snapshotted at the Guildhall yesterday with some of his supporters. Sir Edward Clarke, who stands in the Conservative interest, received a very warm reception.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHAPTER XLVI. (continued).

It was Quentin's turn to stammer. A bluish pillar spread across his unwholesome features. "Mainwaring?" he ejaculated involuntarily. "Yes," continued Pym, "the only son was a bad scamp, who made this country too hot to hold him. He cleared out and tried to mend his fortunes at Monte Carlo, only to empty his pockets on to the green-baize. From Monte Carlo he drifted to Marseilles, and from that moment to this nothing has been heard of him. Your mention of M-Marseilles, curiously enough, has brought it all back to me. It's a big place; but I-w-wonder if by any chance you—you ever ran up against him. Did you? D-did you?"

Quentin was fingering his throat. Pym's eyes were no longer half-closed, but were concentrated on the other's features, blazing out like great lamps.

"We're getting away from the subject, Johns," whispered Quentin hoarsely. Something seemed wrong with his nerves. The tremble of his thick hands was communicating itself to his gross body.

"You don't answer my question!"

Pym appeared to be tightening up under some form of tension and assuming a pronounced and powerful personality altogether out of harmony with the assumed characteristics of Mr. Johns.

"What are you driving at, Johns?"

Quentin involuntarily took a backward step as Pym, his whole soul seeming to be concentrated in his eyes, rose from his chair.

It was all a matter of surmise with the latter, surmised strengthened by the signs of guilty nervousness displayed, and he realised that if he were to succeed, it would be only by assuming a known ledge that he did not possess. Yet the nervousness that was affecting Quentin so strangely was in his favour. It was evidently due in the first instance to the strain of lying perdu, haunted by the dread of arrest.

"W-what am I driving at?" stuttered Pym. "I'm a wron' 'un; but there are some things I stick at. I know more about young Mainwaring than you perhaps imagine. Y-your best chance is to m-make a clean breast of things to me. T-the case is black against you; but I'll give you a chance—before I go to the police."

There was a sudden movement on Quentin's part. He was livid to his lips, but Pym had snatched up the bottle from the table and stood on the defensive.

"S-stay where you are," he cried. "Y-you'll come off second best if you try any games on with me. If you don't make a clean breast of things in th-thirty seconds, I'll raise Cain and the police!"

Quentin reeled back against the wall; but for its support he must have fallen.

"Thirty seconds," whispered Pym, "before I have the police up here and give you in charge for having done young Mainwaring to death in Marselles!"

Quentin's white lips moved silently.

Sounds came at last.

"I didn't do it," he chattered out, almost inaudibly. "Johns—as there's a God above us—I didn't do it—I tried to prevent him—tried to get the revolver from him—but I wasn't quick enough—he did it himself—it's truth, gospel truth, Johns!"

The sweat was pouring down the man's livid face. Pym had played a desperate game of bluff, and knew now, whether Quentin lied or spoke the truth, as to his own share in the consummation of a sordid tragedy, that Guy Mainwaring met his death in Marselles.

The spirit and forceful will of Balshaw seemed to have infused themselves into the slave of the lamp. "Y-you didn't do it?" he stammered. "If there's a God above you—"

"It's truth, truth!" whimpered out the terror-stricken wretch. "It was dead against me; but I didn't do it!"

"Where did it happen?"

"At 16 Rue des Bouches-du-Rhone."

Pym conquered the horror that for a moment dizzied his sensitive soul. Disgustination was still necessary. Yet, in obtaining the address at which the tragedy had been enacted, he had secured an important piece of information. All the sensitive humanity in his being revolted against this necessity of ferreting out cold-blooded facts; but he still retained sight of his purpose. He was helping to file through the chain binding Clare Mainwaring to Ivor Armitage, and the link was beginning to wear very thin now.

"Quentin," he said, "before young Mainwaring left England he gave Mademoiselle Viola—a she was then—a cheque for a hundred pounds. It was made payable to Guy Mainwaring or bearer. Y-you cleaned it, d-didn't you? Mellish was responsible for the altered penmanship. Mademoiselle Viola cashed it—in its altered form?"

A change was coming over the one-time Xangti. His eyes wandered restlessly round the room with the expression of a cornered animal.

Pym had returned the bottle to the table.

"Yes," whispered Quentin, "that's—what—happened! But what's come over you, Johns? You're not the Johns I knew."

His back was to the fireplace, and as he spoke he groped with one hand behind him and found the poker, which leant upright in the grate. It had occurred to Quentin that Mr. Johns was an agent of the police; that it was due to Mr. Johns that Mrs. Stanley-Garden had been arrested. He

believed now that Mr. Johns was what is known in criminal slang as a "copper's mark."

Terror yielded to a black, desperate, murderous rage.

"Johns, you——"

With an unspeakable oath Quentin bore down on Pym with the blind fury of a maddened bull.

As he did so, Pym snatched up the whisky bottle. The next moment all was in darkness. The table had been overturned in Quentin's furious rush, and the lamp extinguished with a crash and breaking of glass.

The sound of a heavy blow on wood; the quick breathing of struggling men; the sound of another blow as Quentin lashed out furiously in the dark with the poker, and again missed his mark. Then a sound of another kind—the shivering of glass, followed by a groan and the thud of a heavy body falling to the ground.

After that the cracking of a key being turned in the lock; the opening of the door and the admission of some light from the badly-lit landing outside; and John Pym, torn and bleeding and staggering like a man in liquor, crept out—listened—closed the door—then hurried down the stairs of the silent house, and out of it into the silent street.

CHAPTER XLVII.

It was past three o'clock; but Balshaw was not abed. He was seated in an easy-chair in the smoking-room, as Pym had pictured him when he stared out from his window at Tamperlet's at the lights of the Euston-road.

Balshaw sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry as the door opened, and what looked like a grey ghost rather than a man staggered into the room.

"John!"

Pym, reeling from side to side, came towards him, trying to speak, but only mouthed silently. His clothes were torn; his face was cut and streaked with blood. He was still mouthing silently when he lurched forward heavily, and would have fallen had not Balshaw, with a low-noted cry of pain, caught him in his arms.

The man who had done duty as hospital orderly in prison was quick, and knew how to act.

It was broad daylight when Pym opened his eyes, and gradually became conscious of someone seated beside his bed.

"I say," he whispered dazedly, "it's finished—I wrote the epilogue, last night—'Dreams of a Slave' is finished. I wrote 'finis' to it—last night. It's in my pocket—then, after that—I'm beginning to remember now."

Silently Balshaw took one of the thin, womanish hands between his own. His head was bowed brokenly. The strong will had no longer control over the deep-lined features that weeks had aged as rapidly as years.

"John, old friend," he whispered, after a long spell of stillness. There was no thought of asking questions. He was answered by a responsive pressure of the thin, womanish hand.

It was after another long spell of silence that Pym, having gathered together his wandering senses, gave an account of the happenings on the previous night. Sometimes the old stutler crept into the feeble voice.

Guy Mainwaring was dead—had died by his own hand in an obscure lodging-house, 16, Rue des Bouches-du-Rhone, at Marseilles. With this information, proof of the fact should not prove difficult. Quentin had cleaned the cheque; Mellish, at present in prison, had made the alteration; Mademoiselle Viola had presented it.

Pym told of his struggle for life in the dark with Quentin, making light of it.

"I—I don't think I k-killed him," he whispered. "If I—I have, the world is only rid of so much human g-garbage. R-Remorse won't trouble me. If he's alive, Vance w-will have him, sure as fate. They won't look f-for Mr. Johns in Aubrey-street. And if they d-do, they'll have to m-make haste."

"Don't talk like that!" said Balshaw, fiercely.

"John, John," the deep voice pulsed with agony of heart, "this is my accursed work. I—who have used you, your brain, your devotion, for my own ends!"

Presently Balshaw rose from the bedside and paced the room monotonously. When Pym awoke he seemed much refreshed, and insisted on discussing matters in a matter-of-fact fashion, and expressed an eagerness for the evening papers.

"I think the time has come," said Balshaw thoughtfully, "to make use of Vance. An anonymous letter to him, explaining Quentin's methods and the assistance rendered by the convict Mellish. Mellish can prove that he altered the cheque, and must be brought forward as a witness. Let Vance be informed of all the particulars of Ivor Armitage's cheque. They can't put Guy Mainwaring in the witness-box now."

"And—and Clare?" stammered Pym.

Balshaw looked steadily in front of him, and was silent for some moments.

"It will be necessary to have certain facts verified in Marseilles," he said at last, in a voice painfully monotonous. "But her freedom is now only a matter of days."

"And then?" whispered Pym, stammering frightened.

"And then, old friend——"

But the strong man did not finish. With a hoarse note in his throat, he shaded his eyes, both hands linked convulsively round his forehead.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"The good I have derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is really marvellous," writes Mr. Thomas Terry, of St. Anne's Lodge, Faversham, Kent, on January 23, 1905. "For years I suffered from indigestion and rheumatism, and now after only two months' use of the Syrup, I feel as well as though ten years had been taken off my age."

INDIGESTION

"For several years," says Mr. C. I. Boden, of 137, Sand Pits, Birmingham, "I suffered from bilious attacks and indigestion. My appetite was poor, particularly in the morning, when I was usually troubled with sickness. I tried numerous kinds of medicine, but none did me the least good. At length my wife advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, a medicine from which she had recently derived much benefit. I used it, and within a few days was greatly benefited, and very soon was as well as I had ever been in my life. That was eight years ago and my health continues excellent."

BILIUSNESS

Mrs. Emma Dimmock, of Leavesden Green, near Watford, Herts, on December 6, 1905, wrote of a severe illness following influenza, which attacked her three years ago. She became nervous, weak, lost appetite, could not digest her food, and suffered intense pains with obstinate constipation. This lasted for months, and she actually lost three stone in weight. Her doctor seemed unable to help her. Finally, she used five bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup and was completely cured. She continued to take it a few weeks longer to make sure, and says her friends now tell her she is a very picture of health.

CONSTIPATION

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF USE IN SIXTEEN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES PROVE ITS VIRTUE.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The 2/6 bottle contains Three Times as much as the 1/1½ size.

A DELIGHTFUL CHILDREN'S PLAY.

Frolicsome Company in "Noah's Ark" at the Waldorf Theatre.

A PIRATE CAPTAIN.

One of the most prettily-dressed, charmingly-acted, and brightly-written children's plays seen on the London stage for many a year past is provided at the Waldorf Theatre in Messrs. Percy French and Brenden Stewart's original fairy play, "Noah's Ark."

Its story is so slight as to be practically non-existent, and its moral is not obvious to a casual spectator, but no one revelling in the continual flow of fun and frolic is likely to regard these as drawbacks.

There is Mr. Harry Paulson as a pirate captain, as hirsute, cavernous-voiced, and truculent a marine bandit as ever flew the Jolly Roger, and a most awfully coward into the bargain.

He is the possessor of a gigantic Noah's Ark, a recalcitrant menagerie in which the animals are in the habit of dining off their keepers and one another with beautiful indifference, and he knows that, in the island of Bangooloo, there is buried a store of sweet-suff sufficient to cloy the appetite of all the children who ever did, or ever will, exist in the world.

He takes Tom and Elsie, two children delightfully impersonated by Mr. Stratton Mills and Miss Madge Lessing, to discover the treasure. They don't discover it, but during the search they get—and provoke—an amount of merriment more than enough to make up for the failure.

Children were regrettably few among yesterday afternoon's audience, but such little ones as were present enjoyed the show hugely, and the nurseries of London will probably fill the house for several weeks to come.

TWO REVIVALS.

Two plays were revived last night—"Captain Drew On Leave," Mr. H. H. Davies's clever comedy, at Wyndham's, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's Salvation Army satire, "Major Barbara," at the Royal Court Theatre.

Mr. Shaw's heterodox opinions seem to become more popular than ever. Last night's audience was composed of a most fashionable crowd, and they laughed as though anybody rather than themselves was the object of the Fabian dramatist's biting satire.

CHILD CRIPPLES' FEAST.

Touching Incidents at Guildhall Banquet Provided by Sir W. Treloar.

Some 1,300 children, recruited from the poor and crippled of the metropolis, under the care of the Ragged School Union, were entertained at the Guildhall last night to a banquet provided by Alderman Sir William Treloar.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the aldermen and sheiffs, attended in state, and as they marched up and down the aisles the police band played and the children cheered deafeningly.

An odd thing was the sight of fifty-seven blind children at the table. They began singing to the music, and their fingers were continually busy. Not once did a small boy put his hand by mistake into his tea, and every girl seemed to pick up her fork by instinct.

A number of ladies were present to help, but when the food was once placed before them there was no need of assistance.

On the dining-tables there were 735lb. of plum-puddings. Among the other good things were over 1,000lb. of meat, 600lb. of potatoes, 300 quarters of bread, 600 quarts of milk, and 1,300 oranges and apples.

The children were so happy that they sang nearly all the time the band played, and when the dinner was over they were treated to an entertainment from the Royal Italian Circus.

Thirty large, heavily-laden vans set out from the Guildhall yard yesterday carrying happiness to thousands of little ones.

Each of the 7,000 boxes in the vans contained a meat pie, a cake, a Christmas pudding, tea, and sweets; and the recipients were crippled children unable to attend the children's banquet at the Guildhall, who, through the efforts of Alderman Sir William Treloar, receive hampers every New Year.

A charming feature in connection with the distribution was that the Ludgate-hill hawkers, themselves among the poorest, contributed a quantity of toys and a penny subscription to the fund.

MOUSE AND DYING RACEHORSE.

From the moment the racehorse, Alexander M., fell with a broken back at the Hurst Park-meeting till the moment of death a large field-mouse, writes a correspondent, ran to and fro over its legs and body.

The horse died at the very instant a boy seized the mouse and lifted it off.

PANTOMIME STARS IN THE PROVINCES.



Miss Monnie Emerald as Princess All Fair in "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" at the Metropole, Glasgow.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



Miss Fanny Dango as So Shi, the Princess, in the pantomime "Aladdin," at the Royal Theatre, Birmingham.

CURIOS ACCIDENT TO A THAMES BARGE.



When the tide rose one side of the barge was held down by the suction of the mud on which she was lying. As a result, when the water lifted the other side of the barge it was turned completely on to its side, as it appears in our photograph, taken when the tide had receded again.—(Wakefield, Bradford.)

HOW ELECTIONS ARE RUN.

Mr. George Whiteley, the Liberal Stage Manager, at Home.

In a quiet office in Parliament-street, Westminster, smart, well-groomed, and alert, sits Mr. George Whiteley, M.P., the stage-manager of the Liberal Party, on whose shoulders devolves the onerous duty of providing Liberal candidates for English, Welsh, and Scotch constituencies.

Mr. Arthur Collins, the Drury Lane genius, never undertook so difficult a task. His vast staff of six hundred agents and four thousand assistants are all marshalled for the campaign.

Dictating letters of guidance and advice, receiving nervous candidates anxious for direction, counselling his assistants, and consulting with his chiefs, Mr. Whiteley's day's work may be said to be never finished. Nothing must escape the "stage manager's" eye. Weak candidates must be blacked up by strong speakers. His "star turns," viz., the Cabinet Ministers, must be sent here, there, and everywhere to strengthen the weak spots.

VANLOADS OF LITERATURE.

He, like Mr. Arthur Collins, touches up the "book," provides good gags for his speakers, and warns them from touching on dangerous topics.

A willing band of secretaries executes his instructions and guards him as much as possible from needless worries, interviewing all possible types of callers, who wish to be advised on points of the new Government's programme, and decline to leave without an authoritative statement from headquarters.

"The number of ladies that are taking an interest

in the election is appalling," said an assistant secretary to the *Daily Mirror*.

"They call from new and strange leagues, the names of which we have never even heard before, anxious that their pamphlets may be distributed round the constituencies. Let me show you our official literature department."

There, situated in the basement of the building, we found Mr. Shears, who may be called the "property master" of the company.

"How many tons of printed matter shall we use?" "I could not tell you. This quantity is nothing; it is only on its way. Look at the vans loading, pointing to some railway trolleys, stacked with parcels. "All day long they are fetching more from the printers, and taking it away to the constituencies."

"I have seen five general elections, but this will be a record for printed matter. If ink and paper will win an election, we shall win every seat."

BATTLE OF THE BOOKSTALLS.

Messrs. Smith at Last Grudgingly Give Way on the Discount Question.

There were few outward signs at Paddington and Euston Stations yesterday of the revolution effected by the transfer of bookstalls from Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son to Messrs. Wymans and Sons. Perhaps the absence of the familiar Smith boys with the peaked caps was the most noticeable.

Purchasers at the bookstalls, however, soon discovered that changes had been made under the new order. They obtained new editions of books published at 6s, for 4s. 6d., whereas Messrs. Smith recently fought the discount system. Discount is not yet obtained on magazines; however,

GREAT ANNUAL WINTER SALE

THE ALBION HOUSE CLOTHING COMPANY,

TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

83 to 86, ALDGATE, 157, MINORIES, CITY; 59 to 61, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.; RAILWAY APPROACH, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, S.E.; and 86, WESTERN ROAD, BRIGHTON,

NOW PROCEEDING.

If you want to buy a

GOOD WARM OVERCOAT VERY CHEAP,

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

All heavy Winter Goods at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS
In all Departments.

For a Limited Period Only.

TO H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH IS "BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY.

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sole Proprietors:
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD.,
26, Holborn, London, E.C.



Should your fancy wander direct it to

Mackintosh's TOFFEE.

YOUR WIFE

WOULD PREFER A USEFUL PRESENT.

W. J. HARRIS & CO. LTD., DEFENCE LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE, THE TALK AND ADMIRATION OF EVERYONE. WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE. FOUR YEARS' WARRANTY WITH EACH MACHINE.

PRICE 49/6 COMPLETE WITH CABINET COVER.

This machine is the most perfect and easiest to learn in the market. Sent to any part of the country on easy terms. 11 monthly payments of 5s. per month. Designs post free.

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NOW FOR NEW YEAR-SIX!

Yes, now's the time when everybody's expected to turn over a "new leaf"! Let that leaf be

'MAYPOLE' TEA,

Refreshing, Rich, Delicious; the very best, and fortunately within the easy reach of everybody, for it costs

ONLY **I/6 D.** A LB.

and there are reliable "Maypole" Blends at 1/4, 1/2, and 1/-

In 1-lb., ½-lb., & 1-lb. sealed packets. ALL FULL WEIGHT OF TEA.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., Ltd.

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BEECHAMS PILLS

THEY ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

DAILY MAIL



In all ailments there is always satisfaction in obtaining medical advice. No matter how attractive the claims of a quack remedy may be, there is a feeling of uncertainty lest the medicine be just the thing for the complaint.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

See the presentation of a Medical Man, who for many years administered them successfully in the most obstinate cases of INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, HEART-BURN, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, &c. If you are a sufferer from these health-destroying disorders you can feel certain that you are taking the remedy which has been specially prepared for your complaints. Dr. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS are among the most harmless but curative drugs which can be safely taken by old and young alike. They have the reputation of years and thousands of permanent cures of INDIGESTION and its attendant complaints.

Ask your Chemist for them, and see that you get them. Wrapped in square green package. 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.



NEW HAIR
POSITIVELY
MADE TO GROW

by a Scientific Discovery, going direct to the roots, and destroying the germs which cause Baldness, Premature Greyness, Scurf, Dandruff, etc., and also promoting a strong, vigorous, and luxuriant growth in a few weeks. My treatment gives new life to the growing cells, which quickly multiply, and new hair is positively made to grow.

FREE TRIALS will be sent to all writing me with names and addresses, and enclosing two stamps to cover packing, postage, etc. Hundreds of testimonials. Analysts' Report, JOHN HAYNES, (Dept. 54) 28, Newman-st., London, W.

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SYMMETRY, SUPPLENESS and STRENGTH.

How to Regain
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The perfectness of Antipon as a permanent cure for the distressing and obstinate disease, obesity; the wonderful success it has met with in every part of the civilised world; its pleasantness and entire harmlessness; its surprising tonic and revivifying effects—these are themes of praise in everybody's mouth who has gone consistently through the Antipon treatment. How many hundreds of thousands of men and women have tried the racking and debilitating remedies prescribed of old without any more satisfactory result than a reduction of weight at the expense of health and strength—a decrease never other than temporary, except where the constitution was completely undermined by the drastic and dangerous remedies employed! Antipon acts very differently, for whilst permanently reducing weight, it tones up and fortifies the system; it destroys that disheartening tendency to "put on flesh" which so many persons deplore, drug and half starve themselves as they may. Antipon does not require the baneful assistance of drugging and semi-starvation. It is the remedy in itself and by itself, and only needs the help of a prudent regard to the ordinary rules of health and hygiene. The Antipon treatment not only does not require that the subject should desist from eating to his or her appetite, but it gives tone to the digestive system, creates a natural healthy appetite, and assists assimilation and nutrition. There are no disagreeable dietary restrictions. One eats well and heartily under the Antipon régime. Thus the blood is renewed and enriched, and muscle, bone, brain, and nerve tissues are consequently renovated and restrengthened. Antipon, therefore, assists in building up health and strength, whilst reducing the whole body to graceful and natural proportions.

The reduction of weight during the Antipon treatment is rapid and sure from the very first. Within a day and a night from the first dose there is a decrease, varying according to individual conditions, of 8oz. to 2lb. The decrease is not merely in the abdominal region, but is proportionate all over. Moreover, the deposits of diseased and superfluous internal fat are gradually eliminated, thus freeing the action of the heart and other organs with untold benefit to the general health. Fatty degeneration of heart and liver is a disease which every stout person has to fear—a disease which not infrequently ends in syncope with fatal results. This condition of the vital organs is too often a menace altogether ignored by the people, though it is, indeed, an ever-present danger. Antipon will lastingly remove it, for, as before said, the tendency to the formation of superfluous fat is effectually destroyed. Overweight is reduced to normal by Antipon the doses may be discontinued.

From the above statements—all well-proved facts—any stout readers will perceive in how many ways the simple, easy, and harmless Antipon treatment is beneficial to health, strength, and beauty. No more difficulty in breathing, no more palpitation of the heart, no more profuse sweating, sudden heats and chills and vertigo from which fat persons suffer so often; the liability to goutiness and rheumatism is minimised; the digestive system is perfected, and the appetite is keen and healthy. With these priceless benefits to health there are renewed strength of muscle and nerve, restored energy, greater brain power, and a renewal of the buoyancy of youth. Add to these the restoration of physical beauty, the symmetrical form, the slender waist, the reperfection lines of face, neck, and bust, the healthy skin and clear complexion; and, finally, the grace and ease of movement, the renewed delight in outdoor exercise and sports, and the reborn zest for all that makes life enjoyable and profitable. Hundreds of grateful men and women have written letters full of praises of the treatment. Anyone may see these valuable testimonials at the offices of the Antipon Company, where they are carefully preserved for public inspection.

Antipon is a palatable liquid of pure vegetable constituents, and can be taken at all times without the least disturbance of stomach or bowels. Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—The Antipon Company, 13, Birmingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

ELEGANT ORNAMENTS IN MODERN GEM WORK.

PRETTY AND BECOMING JEWELLERY.

GOLD TALISMAN MIRROR SECURED BY A CHAIN TO SLIP INTO A GLOVE.

Among the dainty novelties that have made their appearance lately is a little mirror of gold or silver, to slip into a glove. Held by a tiny gold chain with a ring that is passed over the finger, it is like a talisman, and as it is quite small it easily enters the opening of the glove and enables the wearer, at the theatre or concert, to take a hasty glance at herself and make any needed rearrangement of the coiffure or costume. A monogram or other device may be engraved upon it.

A charming neck ornament is a large plaque-shaped jewel, in which different kinds of gold are artistically blended to make a mounting for a spray of forget-me-nots in turquoise and diamonds. A band of white tulle is drawn through the plaque and tied in a loose knot. Large, old-fashioned buckles ornamented with emeralds, turquoises, or several kinds of stones together, may be used for this purpose.

A neckchain for a little girl at her christening is of classic design, decorated with small turquoises and pearls. Between each stone there is a small ring, upon which a charm may be suspended, so that the necklace when completed will be a collection of precious souvenirs. For the baby's father, when his birthday comes round, there is a novelty in cigarette-holders, made of pale, transparent tortoise-shell, ornamented with a large turquoise butterfly.

Belt buckles are again extremely modish, and are used both for wide and narrow waistbands. They are made in different sizes and are worn at the side, at the back, and in front, according to the shape of the belt, the longest buckle being at the

Charming prune-coloured cloth gown with petticoat bodice, provided with epaulet sleeves and a black velvet waistcoat. The basque is a fluted one, and the fulness of the corsage is drawn into a tail buckle jewelled with amethysts.

Point where the belt is elongated. Barrette buckles are inlaid with little brilliants, and have a very pretty effect, delicately lighting up the soft silks they adorn. Some rare and lovely buckles contain a miniature in a good frame, in the style of Louis XVI. The era of cheap watches has led to a reaction in favour of luxurious fancies for those

who can afford them. A new model is very flat, made of translucent white enamel encircled with a band of ruby enamel and embellished with a monogram carried out in tiny rubies.

Gold-tissue ribbon is very effective when worn by a girl as a sash or belt with a white silk blouse and any skirt desired. Ribbons of this kind have mingled tones of gold and silver in them in imitation



of the damascene work of the Renaissance period, and are particularly beautified by jewelled buckles.

An original bracelet consists of a sea-serpent, the head and fins of massive gold, and the scales of gold and silver, each one set with a different precious stone, such as emerald, opal, sapphire, amethyst, sardonyx, and so forth. This bracelet coils round the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, or from the elbow to the wrist, and has a very pretty effect with an evening robe.

Necklaces are growing in favour every day, and gold chains are set with all kinds of gems. A fanciful but elegant necklace is made of little balls of rose agate, and between each ball a large pearl occupies a small plaque of white enamel artistically shaped. A novelty which is meeting with great popularity is a heavy chain, either twisted or in rings, that is worn falling over the corsage.

A SMALL BOY'S COAT.

AN INVERNESS MODEL MADE OF PLAID CHEVIOT.

The coat that is depicted on this page is a capital model for a little boy to wear either in the country or in town, and a pattern for it can be purchased that will suit boys from four to six years of age. Order for the latter 2½ yards of double-width material. In cutting out the pattern avoid a seam down the centre of the back of the coat, and note the fact that the cape is made with a seam down the centre of the back. A two-piece sleeve is included in the pattern.

Flat paper pattern, 6d.; or tacked up, including flat, Is. 3d. Apply for the pattern to the Manager, the *Daily Mirror* Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, E.C., mentioning the number of the pattern required, and sending a postal order in payment.

To bleach unbleached cotton the following plan is excellent:—Take one pound of chloride of lime dissolved in two and a half quarts of warm water for a length of forty yards. First soak it in soap-suds, then put the lime in a strong bag, as it must not come into contact with the material, and when it is white boil and rinse it thoroughly. The lime will not eat into the fabric if these directions are carefully followed.



"First Aid" to the New Free Book. As its name implies it contains complete and easily comprehensible drawings and simple language, the readiness means of meeting every possible contingency of sickness or accident, thus averting disaster and saving lives. It is a book that touches the general needs of an antiseptic, and shows the value of Pond's Extract as the cure in all cases of Skin trouble. Cuts, Sores, Swellings and Bruises, all readily yield to it.

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Send nothing "Just as Good."

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**Pond's
EXTRACT**
THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR



"The German Embassy,
Peking, China.

June 8, 1905.

Dear Sir,
It is difficult to purchase

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER'

in the North of China, please therefore send me one dozen bottles without delay. I have used it, not only here, but also in South Africa, and have greatly recommended it to many ladies here whose babies had teething troubles. My little boy of eight months loves it, and will take it readily, and refuses everything else.

Faithfully yours,

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER'

can be obtained everywhere, and undergoes no change in any climate.

Sold in all countries by Chemists, Stores, and all Dealers in Proprietary Medicines. English price 1s. 1d.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.
Cooked in 4 minutes.



Contains 70 per cent. more Protein than other oats. PACKERS, LTD.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE OUT OF WORK.

By BART KENNEDY.

January

'World & His Wife,' 6d.

NEW ZEALANDERS' FINAL TRIUMPH.

All France Rugby Team Beaten in an Exciting Game by 38 points to 8.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICTON.

SPECIAL BY CITIZEN.

PARIS, Monday.—The New Zealanders beat All France by four goals and six tries to a goal and a try, or 38 points to 8, on the Parc des Princes.

* * *

The war chant of the New Zealanders astonished the French crowd a trifle, and elicited cheers at the close, led by a large English contingent of exiles and trippers over for the New Year festivities.

* * *

France played a hard, clean, fast game, and, moreover, crossed the New Zealanders' line twice, afeat only previously performed by Cardiff. It was a pity for the success of the match that the day was one of the worst experienced in Paris for a long time. On top of a hard frost, a sleet and rain fell continuously. It was bitterly cold, and the ground hard as adamant, and a veneer of mud on top made active football extremely difficult.

* * *

Those who anticipated a burlesque of "footie" were speedily undeceived. The Frenchmen were men of fine physique and wonderfully fast, and had made up their mind to play a good, hard, sporting match, although they fully expected a heavy reverse.

* * *

Right from the very start one man on the French side stood out in bold relief, Crichton, the full-back—a player of Scottish nationality, and a man who would be an imposing figure on any field. He was, I am told, a scholar of Fettes, that famous Scottish school which regularly contributes such a large proportion of Scottish international players.

* * *

Hardly had the game started when Abbott made an impetuous headlong rush to take the French three-quarters by surprise; but he had reckoned without Crichton, who promptly showed that no nonsense would be tolerated for an instant. Abbott, to quote a famous player, was "buried deep." The New Zealanders continued to attack, but the three-quarters, having seen that these wonderful players were only men, and could be stopped by one plucky enough to tackle, they set about their work in grim, deadly earnest, and some really brilliant passing runs on the side of the New Zealanders were stopped in equally grand style.

* * *

After six minutes, however, Wallace, who was destined to play a great part in the game, got a nice pass from Hunter, and tripped over, afterwards kicking a goal. France was roused, and mostly by forward rushes the ball was carried into the New Zealand quarters, and almost on the line a scrum was formed. Booth made a brilliant save, although in doing so he hurt himself so badly that for the remainder of the game he limped. New Zealand soon got another try, through Wallace, but this time it was not converted.

* * *

Not long afterwards there was a wild cheer as Dedeys, by a really bristling bit of play, made an opening for Cessieux, the biggest man on the field and a magnificent forward. Like a flash, Cessieux was over the line, and after a few yards had a try, but he was tackled, he literally hurled himself in and scored. Umbrellas, hats, sticks, went up in the air. "Brave Cessieux! Uns esst! Uns esst!" No goal was kicked, but the Frenchmen had to recoup, and New Zealand had the heart, and they knew that Cessieux's essay was one of the very few that had been made against the New Zealanders.

* * *

The French players seemed to redouble their efforts, and pressed hard for a time, but were driven back. The New Zealanders were now thoroughly on their mettle. Splendid passing nonplussed the French defence. Time and again the ball was passed along, and the pace rushed right on the line. However, before half-time Hunter and Harper both got over, and, with Wallace kicking further goals, New Zealand led at the interval by 3 goals and a try (8 points) to a try (3 points).

* * *

What mattered the balance of 15 points? France had got a try, and everyone was in the greatest good humour. Early in the second half there was a lofty kick from the middle of the field, and the ball came down, and with a fierce, wild rush it was over, and about six Frenchmen ran on top of it. They were not too quick in getting out of their positions. Then Levee kicked a goal, and New Zealand were only leading by 18 points to 8 points.

* * *

Afterwards the comparatively untrained Frenchmen weakened all but Crichton, who still played magnificently at full-back. The New Zealanders had a score run to the delight of the crowd, and the ride back to St. Lazare in the train was one of infinite Hart-lan and Liverpool-street after Cup-tie on the "Suns" ground. Twenty-one in the compartment, all happy.

* * *

Wallace, who played a very strong individual game throughout, was hurt in the last two minutes of the match, and had to leave the field; it was a case of "Buy him deep" again, and Crichton, I think, sat on his head in the last wild outburst between the teams on this truly memorable afternoon.

* * *

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Liverpool's Fine Position—Bolton Defeat Woolwich Arsenal.

On a busy New Year's Day in the League championship competition Liverpool acquitted themselves well. They beat Stoke, and so much strengthened their position at the head of the clubs that in the same number of matches played they now lead Aston Villa and Sheffield Wednesday by three points. It is a wonderful record with which to begin the new year, particularly for a club who had such an ill-omened start, in the bad accident sustained by perhaps their best forward at Plumstead, and were subsequently so long in getting into their stride.

* * *

Blackburn Rovers and Manchester City have come strongly into the running for the championship; but next to Liverpool's success yesterday the things most talked about were Bury's steady progress and the Arsenal's downfall. The Arsenal have dropped back to the perilous zone in which the clubs have to fight for the avoidance of relegation. Londoners will be glad to see some improvement in the Plumstead side. The executive have not failed for the sake of experiments in the front line.

* * *

The positions work out thus:—

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drn. | For | Agt. | Pts. |
|---------------------|--------|-----|------|------|-----|------|------|
| Aston Villa | 22 | 14 | 6 | 6 | 51 | 39 | 39 |
| Bolton | 22 | 12 | 5 | 5 | 42 | 23 | 27 |
| Sheffield Wednesday | 20 | 10 | 7 | 3 | 45 | 20 | 26 |
| Blackburn Rovers | 20 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 32 | 22 | 25 |
| Manchester City | 21 | 11 | 7 | 7 | 42 | 25 | 25 |
| Preston | 21 | 10 | 8 | 3 | 35 | 20 | 24 |
| Sheffield United | 22 | 11 | 9 | 2 | 37 | 27 | 24 |
| Derby County | 20 | 11 | 2 | 7 | 26 | 23 | 24 |
| Wolverhampton | 21 | 9 | 10 | 2 | 36 | 24 | 23 |
| Birmingham | 20 | 10 | 4 | 8 | 37 | 28 | 24 |
| Stoke | 23 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 27 | 30 | 23 |
| Everton | 23 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 36 | 27 | 23 |
| Notts County | 23 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 36 | 27 | 20 |
| Bolton Wanderers | 21 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 45 | 37 | 18 |
| Nottingham Forest | 22 | 7 | 4 | 11 | 39 | 40 | 17 |
| Bury | 22 | 6 | 4 | 12 | 31 | 48 | 16 |
| Middlesbrough | 21 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 31 | 28 | 15 |
| Wolverhampton W. C. | 22 | 5 | 4 | 13 | 25 | 59 | 14 |

Woolwich Arsenal seem to have gone from bad to worse, for on the hard turf at Burnden Park, Bolton, they were beaten by the Wanderers by 6 goals to 1. Immense interest was aroused by the game, and the company numbered quite 30,000. Liverpool began a man short, and Raisbeck played back until Dunford arrived, when he was joined by his brother, and there was plenty of finish in the attack. Bolton scored four goals in twenty minutes and crossed into the second half with this lead. For a quarter of an hour in the second period Woolwich made a valiant effort, but the Wanderers moved up to size. From a corner Satterthwaite headed the only goal for Woolwich, and Bolton Wanderers won handsomely.

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Liverpool avenged their Bury Day defeat at Stode by beating Potters Bar 10 goals to 1. Immense interest was aroused by the game, and the company numbered quite 30,000. Liverpool began a man short, and Raisbeck played back until Dunford arrived, when he was joined by his brother, and there was plenty of finish in the attack. Bolton scored four goals in twenty minutes and crossed into the second half with this lead. For a quarter of an hour in the second period Woolwich made a valiant effort, but the Wanderers moved up to size. From a corner Satterthwaite headed the only goal for Woolwich, and Bolton Wanderers won handsomely.

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At Hyde-road, Manchester, the City team beat Everton by 1 goal to none. There was a huge crowd, nearly 30,000 people paying 6d. Manchester were without Livington, Hynds, and McLean, and Balmer was also absent, but with the Wind to help them the City had all the play in the first half, but the defence pre-vailed, and ends were exchanged with the score blank. Yaldwyn kept a fine goal for Manchester in the second period. Thomas scored the solitary try, and the game was decided by a try from the last position on the losing side.

* * *

Ilford still pursue Birmingham, who met with their third successive defeat at Bury, the local side winning by 1 goal to none. Things have happened strangely for Birmingham since their score of 7 goals to none against Middlesbrough on Boxing Day. Their winless spell of years has now gone, and again, as in the case of last year, they have a try, but the Bury defence was good, and the Frenchmen had recouped. But the New Zealanders had the heart, and they knew that Cessieux's essay was one of the very few that had been made against the New Zealanders.

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* * *

CORINTHIANS' FINE VICTORY.

Queen's Park Beaten After a Brilliant Game at Glasgow.

At Hampden Park, Glasgow, yesterday the Corinthians played the most important match of their tour, and gained a victory over the chief amateur club of Scotland for 2 goals to 1.

Both clubs were strongly represented, Fitchie assisting Queen's Park, and the Corinthians including Rowlandson, Vassall, Day, Stanley Harris, and E. G. D. Wright, who have been chosen to play for the Amateurs of the South.

The match aroused great interest, 20,000 people assembling.

Very cold weather prevailed, and the hard state of the ground affected the play, but at times the visitors showed splendid form.

The home team started in fine style, and should soon have scored but the chance was missed, and Day opened the scoring for the Corinthians. Beautiful work by Fitchie led up to Armour obtaining an equalising goal, and the game had rather the best of matters up to that point.

The Corinthians gave a superb display on resuming, and following some admirable play by Day and Wright, G. H. Harris scored what proved to be the winning goal.

Queen's Park had the best of the end, but the Corinthians kept their lead to the end.

OTHER MATCHES.

CLAPTON v. NORWICH CITY.

The Southern League clung tenaciously to the Spotted Dog ground yesterday, but they found the home side poorly represented, and won as they liked by 4 goals to 0.

On half past the game was not contested with much keenness, the visitors being more interested in the situation, and taking matters easily. It was near half-time when Mintner opened the scoring, Ross adding a second goal just before change of ends.

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and following some admirable play by Day and Wright, G. H. Harris scored what proved to be the winning goal.

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DARLINGTON, 0: CASUALS, 0.

Spacious weather prevailed at Darlington, and a holiday crowd, estimated at 3,000 people, assembled, and the opening half the game was slow and uninteresting, and at the interval nothing had been scored.

At half past the Casuals pressed for a time, and nearing the end the Casuals took the attack, but neither defence was seriously taxed.

The display, taken on the whole, was a very disappointing one, neither side putting any real energy into the work.

RUGBY RULES.

HARTEPOOL ROVERS, 8 pts.; LEICESTER, 0.

The Leicester team appeared at Hartlepools, where there were 4,000 spectators. Helped by a strong wind and with some fine kicking by their backs, who repeatedly fought on, Leicester held the upper hand up to the interval, when the visitors had a try.

On change of ends the Rovers practically managed the play. A fine bout of passing ended in Watson gaining a try, and later on Sivewright placed a goal from a short pass. The Hatters had the best of the end, but the Casuals held firm.

The Casuals had a try, and the visitors scored for the visitors. However, Tipton again obtained a try, upon which Hartlepools and Leicester obtained tries. There were 1,500 spectators.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

| | | | | |
|----------------------|---|------------------|---|---|
| Liverpool (h) | 1 | Stoke | 1 | 1 |
| Sheffield (h) | 1 | Walsall | 1 | 1 |
| Sunderland (h) | 1 | Middlesbrough | 1 | 1 |
| Walsall (h) | 1 | Wolverhampton | 1 | 1 |
| Manchester City (h) | 1 | Everton | 0 | 0 |
| Sheffield United (h) | 1 | Leeds United | 0 | 0 |
| Barnsley (h) | 2 | Stockport County | 0 | 0 |
| Glossop (h) | 2 | Brentford | 0 | 0 |
| Leeds City (h) | 2 | Blackpool (h) | 0 | 0 |

Division II.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---------------------|---|---|
| Barnsley (h) | 1 | Bristol Rovers | 0 | 0 |
| West Ham (h) | 1 | Argyle | 0 | 0 |
| Scottish (h) | 1 | Manor Hamilton | 0 | 0 |
| Celtic (h) | 1 | Glasgow Rangers | 0 | 0 |
| Partick Thistle | 3 | Motherwell (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Falkirk (h) | 1 | Almondvale | 0 | 0 |
| St. Mirren | 1 | Heart of Midlothian | 0 | 0 |
| Dundee (h) | 1 | Cardiff | 0 | 0 |
| Corinthians | 1 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |

WESTERN LEAGUE.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|----|-------------------------|---|---|
| Brentford (h) | 8 | Leicester | 0 | 0 |
| Torquay (h) | 20 | Northampton | 0 | 3 |
| Hartlepools (h) | 8 | Leeds United | 0 | 0 |
| Walsall (h) | 1 | Argyle | 0 | 0 |
| Scottish (h) | 1 | Manor Hamilton | 0 | 0 |
| Celtic (h) | 1 | Glasgow Rangers | 0 | 0 |
| Partick Thistle (h) | 3 | Scots (Scottish League) | 0 | 0 |
| Falkirk (h) | 1 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |

OTHER MATCHES.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|---|-----------------|---|---|
| Waterville (h) | 0 | Cardiff | 0 | 0 |
| Hartlepools (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Walsall (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Scottish (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Celtic (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Partick Thistle (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Falkirk (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Queens Park (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |

RUGBY.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|---|-----------------|---|---|
| Hartlepools (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Queens Park (h) | 0 | Hartlepools (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Queens Park (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Queens Park (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |
| Queens Park (h) | 0 | Queens Park (h) | 0 | 0 |

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|-----------------|---|---|
| Bolton Wanderers | 1 | Aston Villa | 1 | 1 |
| Hull | 1 | Southend | 1 | 1 |
| Walsall | 1 | Queens Park (h) | 1 | 1 |
| Queens Park (h) | 1 | Walsall | 1 | 1 |
| Queens Park (h) | 1 | Queens Park (h) | 1 | 1 |

YESTERDAY'S BILLIARDS.

| | | | | |
|--------------|---|---------|---|---|
| John Roberts | 1 | W. Cook | 1 | 1 |
| John Roberts | 1 | W. Cook | 1 | 1 |
| John Roberts | 1 | W. Cook | 1 | 1 |
| John Roberts | 1 | W. Cook | 1 | 1 |
| John Roberts | 1 | W. Cook | 1 | 1 |

With the local interest very strong, there were 20,000 spectators at Soden-square yesterday, and the game was a close one.

John Roberts and W. Cook commenced another heat of the tournament at Soden-square yesterday. Roberts had the best of the day's play, and made runs of 151, 153, 240, 184, and 135. Cook's best were 47, 60, and 59. Closing scores: Cook (reaches 2,500), 2,697; Roberts, 2,600.

At Leicester-square yesterday Inman and Weiss commenced a match of 7,000 up (level) for £25 aside. Closing scores: Inman, 1,078; Weiss, 939.

NEW YEAR'S 'CHASING AT MANCHESTER.

Meagre Sport but a Fine Attendance—Twenty Horses for Six Races.

TO-DAY'S PROBABLE WINNERS.

Few places better than Manchester cope against the vagaries of the weather. The course at Castle Irwell is protected from frost, and the frost of the previous nights did not prevent steeplechasing yesterday. The track was indeed better than might have been expected, but the light superfluity of snow was a hindrance.

Steeplechaser paraded in the paddock, but did not compete. Then Bel Or had the softest of tasks to beat Vickers in the Peel Park Hurdle. Backers had bad luck in the Paddock Steeplechase in relying on Rover II, as the horse was not fit to run. The two

